THE BAVIAD,

AND

MÆVIAD.

G.R. III
B. MUS.

239 d 29

THE BAVIAD,

AND

MÆVIAD.

BY

WILLIAM GIFFORD, Esq.

Tota cohors tamen est inimica, omnesque manipli
Consensu magno officiunt, curabitis, ut sit
Vindicta, et gravior quam injuria: dignum erit ergo
Declamatoris Mutinensis corde Vagelli
Cum duo crura habeas, offendere tot caligatos.

THE SIXTH EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. WRIGHT, PICCADILLY:
By W. Bulmer and Co. Russel-court, Cleveland-row, St. James's.

1800.

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TO

JOHN HOPPNER, Esq. R. A.

THE FOLLOWING PAGES

ARE INSCRIBED

AS A TRIFLING TESTIMONY

OF THE

AFFECTIONATE REGARD

OF HIS

SINCERE FRIEND

THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTION.

In 1785, a few English of both sexes,* whom chance had jumbled together at Florence, took a fancy to while away their time in scribbling high-flown panegyrics on themselves, and complimentary "canzonnettas" on two or three Italians,† who un-

* Among whom I find the names of Mrs. Piozzi, Mr. Greathead, Mr. Merry, Mr. Parsons, &c.

† Mrs. Piozzi has since published a work on what she is pleased to call British Synonimes; the better, I suppose, to enable these gentlemen to comprehend her multifarious erudition.

Though "no one better knows his own house" than I the vanity of this woman; yet the idea of her undertaking such a work had never entered my head;

derstood too little of the language in which they were written, to be disgusted with them. In this there was not much harm; nor, indeed, much good: but, as folly is progressive, they soon wrought themselves into an opinion that they really deserved the fine things which were mutually said and sung of each other.

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and I was thunderstruck when I first saw it announced. To execute it with any tolerable degree of success, required a rare combination of talents, among the least of which may be numbered neatness of style, acuteness of perception, and a more than common accuracy of discrimination; and Mrs. Piozzi brought to the task, a jargon long since become proverbial for its vulgarity, an utter incapability of defining a single term in the language, and just as much Latin from a child's Syntax, as sufficed to expose the ignorance she so anxiously labours to conceal. "If such a one be fit "to write on SYNONIMES, speak." Pignotti himself laughs in his sleeve; and his countrymen, long since undeceived, prize the lady's talents at their true worth,

Et centum Tales* curto centusse licentur.

* Quere Thrales? PRINTER'S DEVIL.

Thus persuaded, they were unwilling their inimitable productions should be confined to the little circle that produced them; they therefore transmitted them hither; and, as their friends were enjoined not to shew them, they were first handed about the town with great assiduity, and then sent to the press.

A short time before the period we speak of, a knot of fantastic coxcombs had set up a daily paper called the WORLD.* It was perfectly unintelligible, and therefore much read: it was equally lavish of praise and abuse, (praise of what appeared in its own columns, and abuse of every thing that appeared elsewhere,) and as its conductors were at once ignorant and conceited, they took upon them to direct the taste of the town, by prefixing a

* In this paper were given the earliest specimens of those unqualified, and audacious attacks on all private character; which the town first smiled at for their quaintness, then tolerated for their absurdity; and now—that other papers equally wicked, and more intelligible, have ventured to imitate it,—will have to lament to the last hour of British liberty.

short panegyric to every trifle which came before them.

It is scarcely necessary to observe, that Yendas, and Laura Marias, and Tony Pasquins, have long claimed a prescriptive right to infest most periodical publications: but as the Editors of them never pretended to criticise their harmless productions, they were merely read, laughed at, and forgotten. A paper, therefore, that introduced their trash with hyperbolical encomiums, and called on the town to admire it, was an acquisition of the utmost importance to these poor people, and naturally became the grand depository of their lucubrations.

At this auspicious period the first cargo of poetry arrived from Florence, and was given to the public through the medium of this favoured paper. There was a specious brilliancy in these exotics, which dazzled the native grubs, who had scarce ever ventured beyond a sheep, and a crook, and a rose-tree grove, with an ostentatious display of "blue hills," and "crashing torrents," and "petrifying suns!"*

* Here Mr. Parsons is pleased to advance his far-

From admiration to imitation is but a step. Honest Yenda tried his hand at a descriptive ode, and succeeded beyond his hopes; Anna Matilda followed; in a word,

——— contagio labem
Hanc dedit in plures, sicut grex totus in agris
Unius scabie cadit, et porrigine porci.

---

thing rush-light. "Crashing torrents and petrifying "suns are extremely ridiculous"—*habes confitentem!* "but they are not to be found in the Florence Mis- "cellany." Who said they were? But àpropos of the Florence Miscellany. Mr. Parsons says I obtained a copy of it by a breach of confidence; and seems to fancy, good man! that I derived some prodigious advantage from it: yet I had written both the poems, and all the notes save one, before I knew there was such a treasure in existence. He might have seen, if passion had not rendered him as blind as a mill-horse, that I constantly allude to poems published separately in the periodical sheets of the day, and afterwards collected with great parade by Bell and others. I never looked into the Florence Miscellany but once; and the only use I then made of it, was to extract a sounding passage from the odes of that deep-mouthed Theban, Bertie Greathead, Esq.

While the epidemic malady was spreading from fool to fool, Della Crusca came over, and immediately announced himself by a sonnet to Love. Anna Matilda wrote an incomparable piece of nonsense in praise of it; and the two "great luminaries "of the age," as Mr. Bell calls them, fell desperately in love* with each other. From that period

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* The termination of this "everlasting" attachment was curious. When the genuine enthusiasm of the correspondence (Preface to the Album) had continued for some time, Della Crusca became impatient for a sight of his beloved, and Anna, in evil hour, consented to become visible. What was the consequence?

Tacta places, audita places, *si non videare*
Tota places, neutro *si videare* places.

Mr. Bell, however, tells the story another way; and he is probably right. According to him, "Chance "alone procured him an interview." Whatever procured it, all the lovers of "true poetry," with Mrs. Piozzi at their head, expected wonders from it. The flame that burnt with such ardour, while the lady was yet unseen, they hoped would blaze with unexampled brightness at the sight of the bewitching object. Such were their hopes. But what, as Dr. Johnson gravely

not a day passed without an amatory epistle fraught with lightning and thunder, et quicquid habent telorum armamentaria cœli.——The fever turned to a frenzy: Laura Maria, Carlos, Orlando, Adelaide, and a thousand other nameless names caught the infection; and from one end of the kingdom* to the other, all was nonsense and Della Crusca.

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asks, are the hopes of man! or indeed of woman!—for this fatal meeting put an end to the whole. Except a marvellous dithyrambic, which Della Crusca wrote while the impression was yet warm upon him, and which consequently gave a most accurate account of it; nothing has since appeared to the honour of Anna Matilda; and the "tenth muse," the "angel," the "goddess," has sunk into an old woman; with the comforting reflection of having lisped love strains to an ungrateful swain.

——— non hic est sermo pudicus
In *vetula*, quoties lascivum intervenit illud
Ζωη και Ψυχη.

* Kingdom. This is a trifle. Heaven itself, if we may believe Mrs. Robinson, took part in the general infatuation.

Even THEN, I waited with a patience which I can better account for, than excuse, for some one (abler than myself) to step forth to correct the growing depravity of the public taste, and check the inundation of absurdity that was bursting upon us from a thousand springs. As no one appeared, and as the evil grew every day more alarming (for now bed-ridden old women, and girls at their samplers, began to rave) I determined, without much confidence of success, to try what could be effected by my feeble powers; and accordingly wrote the following Poem.

——— "When midst ethereal fire
"Thou strik'st thy DELLA CRUSCAN lyre,
"Round to catch the *heavenly* song,
"Myriads of *wondering* seraphs throng!"

I almost shudder while I quote: but so it ever is,

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

And Merry had given an example of impious temerity, which this wretched woman was but too eager to imitate.

December, 1799.

WHOEVER has read the first Editions of the BAVIAD must have perceived, that its satire was directed against the wretched taste of the followers of the *Cruscan* school, without the slightest reference to their other qualities, moral or political.

In this I should have persevered to the end, had I not been provoked to transgress the bounds I had prescribed to myself, by the diabolical conduct of one of my heroes, the notorious *Anthony Pasquin*.

This man, who had always earned a miserable subsistence by working on the fear and vanity of artists, actors, &c. hardened by impunity, flew at length at higher game, and directed his attacks against an Illustrious Stranger.

These were continued, from day to day, in the Morning Post, with a rancour that seemed indefatigable; and after some time, incorporated with such additional falsehood as the most savage hosti-

lity could supply, and printed in a book, to which Anthony thought fit to prefix his name.

It was now that I first conceived I had found a fair opportunity for dragging this pest before the public, and setting him up to view in his true light. I was not slow in seizing it, and the immediate consequence was, that an action was commenced, or threatened, against every publisher of the Baviad.

If we did not know the horror these dark reptiles, who fatten on the filthy dregs of slander and obscenity, feel at being forced into day, we might be justly surprised, that a man who lived by violating the law, should have recourse to it for protection; that a common libeller, who spared no rank nor condition, should cry out on the license of the times, the instant a retort was made upon him, and solicit pity and redress from that community, almost every individual of which he had wantonly and wickedly insulted!

The first, and, indeed, the only trial that came on, was that of Mr. Faulder, (a name, surely, not often coupled with that of a dealer in libels) who

was not only acquitted, but by a verdict of his peers declared to have been unjustly put in a state of accusation.

This Trial I have been frequently solicited to give; it is now, therefore, subjoined to the present edition, where I hope it will stand as a useful memento to future Anthonys—to teach them, that while they are madly endeavouring to destroy the moral characters of others, they are undermining their own, and that the law will give no redress when it can be proved that no injury has been sustained.

Mr. Garrow was furnished with a number of extracts from Anthony's multifarious productions. I lamented at first, that the impatient indignation of the Jury at the plaintiff's baseness, coinciding with that of the upright Judge who presided, stopped him short, and prevented their being read. But I am now satisfied with the interruption. It is better that such a collection of slander, and obscenity, and treason, and impiety, should moulder in the obscurity to which its ineffable stupidity

has condemned it, than that it should be brought forward to the reprobation and contempt of the [redacted].

Mr. Erskine, who did every thing for his client that could be expected from his integrity and abilities, applied in the "next ensuing term" for a new trial.—I have forgot the motives for this application, but it was resisted by Lord Kenyon; and chiefly on the ground of the marked indignation shewn by the Jury at the plaintiff's infamous conduct and character, and that even before Mr. Garrow had fully entered into them.

To finish Anthony's history.—His occupation was now gone. As a minister of malevolence he was no longer worth hiring; and as a dispenser of fame, no longer worth feeding. Thus abandoned, without meat and without money, he applied to a charitable institution for a few guineas, with which he shipped himself off for America,

——— leonum
Arida nutrix.

But he was even here too late: that country had

discovered, some time before Anthony reached it, that receiving into its bosom the refuse and offal of every clime, and seemingly for no other reason but because they were so, was neither the way to grow rich nor respectable. Anthony had, therefore, no congratulatory addresses presented to him on his arrival, but was left, with hundreds of his poor persecuted brethren, to shift for himself. He accordingly engaged in a New York paper, called "*The Federalist;*" but unfortunately his writings did not happen to hit the taste of his adopted countrymen; for after a few numbers had appeared, he was taken up for a libel, and is now either chained to a wheelbarrow on the Albany road, or rotting in the provincial jail.

I take some little credit to myself for having driven this pernicious pest out of the society he preyed upon: I say *some little*—for, to be candid, (though I would not have shrunk from any talents in the cause I espoused) the contest with Anthony was finished ere well begun. Short and slight as it was, however, it furnishes an important lesson.

Those general slanderers, those bug-bears of a timid public are as sneaking as they are insolent, as weak as they are wicked.—Resist them, and like the devil, if I may use a sacred expression, "resist "them, and they will flee from you."

Though the tautology of "DECLARATIONS" renders them tedious to the generality of readers; yet I think I may venture to recommend Anthony's to their careful perusal. There are some passages in it, thanks to the absurd and inflexible gravity of the person who drew it up, that would have made Heraclitus smile through his tears.

THE BAVIAD.

THE BAVIAD;

A

PARAPHRASTIC IMITATION

OF THE

FIRST SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

Impune ergo mihi recitaverit ille SONETTAS,
Hic ELEGOS!

(a) *P.* WHEN I look round on man, and find how vain
His passions—

F. Save us from this canting strain!
Why, who will read it?

PERS. SAT. I.

(a) O CURAS hominum! O quantum est in rebus inane!
Quis leget hæc? Min' tu istud ais? Nemo, hercule. Nemo?

P. Say'st thou THIS to me?

F. None, by my life.

P. What, none? Nay, two or three—

F. No, no; not one. 'Tis sad; but—

P. "Sad; but"—Why? 5

Pity is insult here. I care not, I,

Vel duo, vel nemo: turpe et miserabile. Quare?

NOTES.

* *Cui non dictus Hylas?* And who has not heard of James Boswell, Esq.? All the world knows (for all the world has it under his own hand) that this great man composed a BALLAD in honour of Mr. Pitt, with very little assistance from Trusler, and less from Mr. Dibdin; which he produced to the utter confusion of the Foxites, and sung at the Lord Mayor's table. This important "state paper" I have not been able to procure, thanks to the *scombri, et quicquid ineptis amicitur chartis*; but the terror and dismay it occasioned amongst the enemy, with a variety of other circumstances highly necessary to be known, may be gathered from the following letter:

To the CONDUCTOR *of the* WORLD.

SIR,

THE wasps of opposition have been very busy with my *State Ballad*, "the GROCER of

(*b*) Tho' Boswell,* of a song and supper vain,
And Bell's whole choir† (an ever-jingling train),

(*b*) Ne mihi Polydamas et Troiades Labeonem
Prætulerint: nugæ.

NOTES.

LONDON," and they are welcome. Pray let them know that I am vain of a hasty composition which has procured me large draughts of that popular applause in which I delight. Let me add, that there was certainly no *servility* on my part; for I publicly declared in Guildhall, between the *encores*, "that this same Grocer "had treated ME arrogantly and ungratefully; but "that, from his great merit as a Minister, I was compelled to support him!"

"The time WILL come, when I shall have a proper "opportunity to shew, that in one instance at least, "the man has wanted wisdom"——

———

Atqui vultus erat multa et præclara minantis.

Poor Bozzy! But I too threaten.—And is there need of thy example, then, to convince me that on

———our firmest resolutions
The noiseless and inaudible foot of death
Steals like a thief!

† "'BELL'S WHOLE CHOIR!' Quousque tantum "—Yes, Sir, I am proud of the insinuation while I

In splay-foot madrigals their pow'rs combine,
To praise Miles Andrews' verse,* and censure
mine— 10

NOTES.

"despise it. *The owl, they say, was a baker's daughter.*
"We know what we ARE, but we know not what we
"MAY BE. Thereby hangs a tale: and the WORLD
"shall have it—Choice BIOGRAPHY is the boast of
"MY Paper—Verba sat—I have friends—so has
"LAURA MARIA—She is the SAPPHO of the age.
"I wrong her—The MONTHLY REVIEWERS read
"GREEK, and they prefer our fair countrywoman. I
"read Greek too, but I make no boast of it. I sell
"Mrs. ROBINSON's works, and I know their value—
"'*It is the bright day that brings forth the adder.*'

"YENDA I despise; ANTHONY PASQUIN I exe-
"crate—The brilliant effusions of fancy, the bright
"corruscations of genius only, illuminate the ORACLE
"—and ARNO and CÆSARIO, names dear to the
"MUSE OF GLORY, constitute a proud distinction be-
"tween the *unfading leaves* of the PYTHIAN shrine,
"and the *perishable records* of the day.

"JOHN BELL."

"P. S. 'BLOCKHEADS with reason'—you know
"the rest. I fear nothing—yet I love not everlasting
"feuds—At a word, will one of my NEW COMMON
"PLACE BOOKS be acceptable?

"J. B."

(c) No, not a jot. Let the besotted town
Bestow, as fashion prompts, the laurel crown;

(c) ——Non, si quid turbida Roma
Elevet, accedas: examenve improbum in illa

NOTES.

* This gentleman, who has long been known as an industrious paragraph-grinder in the morning papers, took it into his head some time since to try his hand at a Prologue. Having none of the usual requisites for this business, he laboured to little purpose; till Dulness, whose attention to her children is truly maternal, suggested to him that unmeaning ribaldry and vulgarity might possibly be substituted for harmony, spirit, taste, and sense.—He caught at the hint, made the experiment, and succeeded to a miracle. Since that period every play-wright, from O'Keeffe to Della Crusca, "a heavy declension!" has been solicitous to preface his labours with a few lines of his manufacturing, to excite and perpetuate the good humour of his audience. As the reader may probably not dislike a short specimen of Mr. Andrews's wonder-working poetry, I have subjoined the following extract from his last and best performance, his Prologue to Lorenzo.

"Feg, cries fat Madam Dump, from Wapping Wall,
"I don't love plays no longer not at all,

But do not THOU, who mak'st a fair pretence
To that best boon of Heaven, COMMON SENSE,
Resign thy judgment to the rout, and pay
Knee-worship to the idol of the day:

Castiges trutina: nec te quæsiveris extra.

NOTES.

"They're now so vulgar, and begin so soon,
"None but low people dines till afternoon;
"Then they mean summot, and the like o' that,
"And its impossible to sit and chat.
"Give me the uppero, where folks come so grand in,
"And nobody need have no understanding.
"Ambizione! del tiranno!
"Piu forte, piu piano, a che fin—
"Zounds! here's my warrant, and I will come in,
"Diavolo; who comes here to so confound us?
"The constables, to take you to the round-house.
"De round-house?—Mi!
"Now comes the dance, the demi charactere,
"Chacone, the pas de deux, the here the there;
"And last, the chief high bounding on the loose toe,
"Or pois'd like any Mercury, O che gusto!"

And this was heard with applause! and this was read with delight! O shame! where is thy blush?

For all are——

F. What? Speak freely; let me know.

P. *(d)*O might I! durst I! Then——but let it go.

Nam Romæ est quis non? *(d)* ah, si fas dicere: sed fas

NOTES.

——morantur

Pauci ridiculum effugientem ex urbe pudorem.*

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* It is rightly observed by Solomon, that you may bray a fool in a mortar without making him wiser. Upon this principle I account for the stationary stupidity of Mr. Andrews; whose faculties, "God help the while!" do not seem a whit improved by the dreadful pounding he has received. Of him therefore I wash my hands—but I would fain ask Messrs. Morton and Reynolds, (the worthy followers of O'Keefe, and the present supporters of the British Stage) whether it be absolutely necessary to introduce their Pieces with such ineffable nonsense as this,—

——"Betty, it's come into my head
"Old maids grow cross because their cats are dead;
"My governess hath been in such a fuss
"About the death of our old tabby puss.
"She wears black stockings—ha! ha! what a pother,
"'Cause one old cat's in mourning for another!" †—

If IT BE NOT—for common-sense' sake, Gentlemen,

† See the "WILL"—A Bartholomew-fair Farce, by Mr. Reynolds.

Yet, when I view the follies that engage
The full-grown children of this piping age;
See snivelling Jerningham at fifty weep
O'er love-lorn oxen and deserted sheep;
See Cowley* frisk it to one ding-dong chime,
And weekly cuckold her poor spouse in rhyme;
See Thrale's grey widow with a satchel roam,
And bring in pomp her labour'd nothings home;
See Robinson forget her state, and move
On crutches tow'rds the grave, to "Light o' Love;" †

Tunc, cum ad canitiem, et nostrum istud vivere triste
Aspexi, et nucibus facimus quæcunque relictis,
Cum sapimus patruos: tunc, tunc. Ignoscite. Nolo.

NOTES.

* For the *poetic* amours of this lady, see the British Album, particularly the poem called the INTERVIEW.

† Light o' Love, that's a tune that goes *without* a *burden*. SHAKSPEARE.

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spare us the disgrace of it; and O Heavens! IF IT BE—deign in mercy sometimes to apply to the Bellman, or the Grave-stone cutter, that we may stand a little chance of having our ribaldry and our doggrel "with a difference."

See Parsons,* while all sound advice he scorns,
Mistake two soft excrescences for horns;

NOTES.

* In the first editions of this and the following poem, I had overlooked Mr. Parsons, though an undoubted Bavian. This nettled him. Ha! quoth he, "Better be damn'd than mentioned not at all." He accordingly applied to me,‡ (in a circuitous manner I confess) and as a particular favour was finally admitted, in the shape of a motto, into the title-page of the Mæviad. These were the lines:

May he who hates not CRUSCA's *sober* verse,
Love MERRY's *drunken* prose, so smooth and terse;
The same may rake for sense in PARSONS' skull,
And shear his hogs, poor fool! and milk his bull.

The first distich contains what Mr. Burke calls "high "matter;" and can only be understood by the initiated; the second (would it had never been written!) instead of gratifying the ambition of Mr. Parsons, as

‡ PARSONS I know, and this I heard him say,
Whilst Gifford's harmless page before him lay,
I too can LAUGH, I was the FIRST BEGINNER.
PARSONS of HIMSELF, Teleg. March 19.

Quam multi faciunt quod Eros sed lumine sicco,
Pars major lachrymas RIDET, et intus habet!

And butting all he meets, with aukward pains,
Lay bare his forehead and expose his brains:
I scarce can rule my spleen——

NOTES.

I fondly expected, and quieting him for ever, had a most fatal effect upon his poor head, and from an honest pains-taking gentleman converted him, in imagination, into a Minotaur.

Continuo implevit falsis mugitibus urbem,
Et sæpe in lævi quæsivit CORNUA fronte.

The Motto appeared on a Wednesday! and on the Saturday after, the morosoph Este (who appears to have believed in the reality of the metamorphosis) published the first bellowings of Mr. Parsons, with the following introduction:

ON MR. GIFFORD's MOTTO.

"The following SPIRITED CHASTISEMENT of the "vulgar ignorance and malignity in question, was "sent on Thursday night—but by an accidental error "in one of our clerks, or in the servant delivering the "copy at the office, it was unfortunately mislaid!"—Why, this is as it should be;—"the Gods take care "of Cato!" Who sees not that they interfered, and by conveying the copy out of the compositor's way, procured the Author of the Mæviad two comfortable nights! But to the "spirited chastisement."—

F. Forbear, forbear:
And what the great delight in learn to spare.

NOTES.

"Nor wool the pig, nor milk the bull produces."

The profundity of the last observation, by the bye, proves Mr. Parsons to be an accurate observer of nature: and if the three Irishmen who went nine miles to suck a bull, and came back a-dry, had fortunately had the honour of his acquaintance, we should probably have heard nothing of their far-famed expedition.—

"Nor wool the pig, nor milk the bull produces,
"Yet each has something for far different uses:
"For boars, pardie! have tusks, and bulls have
"HORNS."

Η, Νεμεσις δὲ ΚΑΚΑΝ εγραψατο ΦΩΝΑΝ.

For from that hour scarce a week, or indeed a day, has elapsed, in which Mr. Parsons has not made himself ridiculous, by threatening me in the Telegraph, Oracle, World, &c. with those formidable non-entities.

Well and wisely singeth the poet, *non unus mentes agitat furor*: yet while I give an involuntary smile to the oddity of Mr. Parsons's disease, I cannot but lament that his friends, (and a gentleman who is said to belong to more clubs than Sir Watkin Lewes, must needs have friends) I cannot, I say, but lament that

(e) P. It must not, cannot be; for I was born
To brand obtrusive ignorance with scorn;
On bloated pedantry to pour my rage,
And hiss preposterous fustian from the stage.
Lo, DELLA CRUSCA!* In his closet pent,
He toils to give the crude conception vent.

(e) Quid faciam? sed sum petulanti splene cachinno.
Scribimus inclusi, numeros ille, hic pede liber,

NOTES.

on the first appearance of those knobs, those "excres-
"cences," as I call them, his friends did not have him cut for the simples!

* LO, DELLA CRUSCA!
"O thou, to whom superior worth's allied,
"Thy country's honour, and the Muses pride—"
So says Laura Maria—
et solem quis dicere falsum
Audeat?

Indeed she says a great deal more; but as I do not understand it, I forbear to lengthen my quotation.

Innumerable Odes, Sonnets, &c. published from time to time in the papers, have justly procured this gentleman the reputation of the first poet of the age: but the performance which called forth the high-

Abortive thoughts that right and wrong confound,
Truth sacrific'd to letters, sense to sound,

Grande aliquid, quod pulmo animæ prælargus anhelet:

NOTES.

sounding panegyric abovementioned, is a philosophical rhapsody on the French Revolution, called the "Wreath of Liberty."

Of this poem no reader (provided he can read) is at this time ignorant: but as there are various opinions concerning it, and as I do not choose perhaps to dispute with a lady of Mrs. Robinson's critical abilities, I shall select a few passages from it, and leave the world to judge how truly its author can be said to be

———"gifted with the sacred lyre,
"Whose sounds can more than mortal thoughts
"inspire."

This supernatural effort of genius, then, is chiefly distinguished by three very prominent features.—1. Downright nonsense. 2. Downright frigidity. 3. Downright doggrel.—Of each of these in its turn: and first of the first.

"Hang o'er his eye the gossamery tear."
"Wreath round her airy harp the tim'rous joy."
"Recumbent eve rock the reposing tide."
"A web-work of despair, a mass of woes."
"And o'er my lids the scalding tumour roll."

False glare, incongruous images, combine;
And noise, and nonsense, clatter through the line.

NOTES.

"TUMOUR, a morbid swelling." JOHNSON. An excellent thing to roll over an eye, especially if it happen to be hot and hot, as in the present case.

——" summer-tints begemm'd the scene,
" And silky ocean slept in glossy green."

" While air's nocturnal ghost, in paly shroud,
" Glances with grisly glare from cloud to cloud."

" And gauzy zephyrs, flutt'ring o'er the plain,
" On twilight's bosom drop their filmy rain."

Unus instar omnium! This couplet staggered me. I should be loth to be found correcting a madman; and yet mere folly seems unequal to the production of such exquisite nonsense.

2do.

——" the explosion came
" And burst the o'ercharg'd culverin of shame."

——" days of old
" Their perish'd, proudest, pageantry unfold."

——" nothing I descry,
" But the bare boast of barren heraldry."

——" The huntress queen,
" Showers her shafts of silver o'er the scene."

(f) 'Tis done. Her house the generous Piozzi lends,
And thither summons her blue-stocking friends; 46

(f) Scilicet hæc populo, pexusque togaque recenti,
Et natalitia tandem cum sardonyche albus,

NOTES.

To these add, "moody monarchs," "turgid ty-
"rants," "pampered popes," "radiant rivers,"
"cooling cataracts," "lazy Loires," (of which, by
the bye, there are none) "gay Garonnes," "gloomy
"glass," "mingling murder," "dauntless day,"
"lettered lightnings," "delicious dilatings," "sink-
"ing sorrows," "blissful blessings," "rich reason-
"ings," "meliorating mercies," "vicious venali-
"ties," "sublunary suns," "dewy vapours damp,
"that sweep the silent swamp;" and a world of
others, to be found in the compass of half a dozen
pages.

3tio.

"In phosphor blaze of genealogic line."

N. B. Written to "the turning of a brazen candle-
"stick."

"O better were it ever to be lost
"In black negation's sea, than reach the coast."

This couplet may be placed to advantage under the
first head.

"Should the zeal of parliament be empty words."

The summons her blue-stocking friends obey,
Lur'd by the love of Poetry—and Tea.
The BARD steps forth in birth-day splendour drest,
His right hand graceful waving o'er his breast;
His left extending, so that all may see,
A roll inscrib'd "THE WREATH OF LIBERTY."
So forth he steps, and with complacent air,
Bows round the circle, and assumes the chair:

Sede leges celsa, liquido cum plasmate guttur
Mobile collueris, patranti fractus ocello.

NOTES.

——"turn to France, and see
"Four million men in arms for liberty."

——"doom for a breath
"A hundred reasoning hecatombs to death."

A hecatomb is a sacrifice of a hundred head of oxen. Where did this gentleman hear of their *reasoning*?

"Awhile I'll ruminate on time and fate;
"And the most probable event of things"——

EUGE, MAGNE POETA! Well may Laura Maria say,

"That GENIUS glows in every classic line,
"And NATURE dictates——every thing that's
"thine."

With lemonade he gargles first his throat,
Then sweetly preludes to the liquid note:
(g) And now 'tis silence all. "GENIUS OR MUSE"*—
Thus while the flow'ry subject he pursues,
A wild delirium round th' assembly flies;
Unusual lustre shoots from Emma's eyes;
Luxurious Arno drivels as he stands;
And Anna frisks, and Laura claps her hands.
(h) O wretched man! And dost thou toil to please,
At this late † hour, such prurient ears as these?

(g) Hîc neque more probo videas, neque voce serena,
Ingentes trepidare Titos, cum carmina lumbum
Intrant, et tremulo scalpuntur ubi intima versu.

(h) Tun' vetule, auriculis alienis colligis escas?

NOTES.

* "GENIUS OR MUSE, whoe'er thou art, whose
"thrill
"Exalts the fancy, and inflames the will,
"Bids o'er the heart sublime sensation roll,
"And wakes ecstatic fervour in the soul."

See the commencement of the Wreath of Liberty, where our great poet, with a dexterity peculiar to himself, has contrived to fill several quarto pages without a single idea.

Is thy poor pride contented to receive
Such transitory fame as fools can give?
Fools, who unconscious of the critics' laws,
Rain in such show'rs their indistinct applause.
That THOU, even THOU, who liv'st upon renown,
And with eternal puffs insult'st the town,
Art forc'd at length to check the idiot roar,
And cry, "For heaven's sweet sake, no more, no
"more!"
"But why (thou say'st) why am I learn'd, why fraught
"With all the priest and all the sage have taught,
"If the huge mass, within my bosom pent,
"Must struggle there, despairing of a vent?"

Auriculis, quibus et dicas cute perditus, ohe!
Quo didicisse, nisi hoc fermentum, et quæ semel intus
Innata est, rupto jecore exierit caprificus?

NOTES.

† I learn from Della Crusca's lamentations that he is declined into the vale of years; that the women say to him, as they formerly said to Anacreon, Γερων ει· and that Love, about two years since,

"—— tore his name from his bright page,
"And gave it to approaching age."

(i) THOU learn'd? Alas, for learning! She is sped.
And hast thou dimm'd thy eyes, and rack'd thy head,
And broke thy rest for THIS, for THIS alone?
And is thy knowledge nothing if not known?
O fool, fool, fool!—(k) But still, thou criest, 'tis sweet
To hear "That's HE!" from every one we meet;
That's he whom critic Bell declares divine,
For whom the fair diurnal laurels twine;
Whom Magazines, Reviews, conspire to praise,
And Greathead calls the Homer of our days.
F. And is it nothing, then, to hear our name
Thus blazon'd by the GENERAL VOICE of fame?
P. Nay, it were every thing, did THAT dispense
The sober verdict found by taste and sense.

(i) En pallor, seniumque. O mores! usque adeone
Scire tuum, nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter?
(k) At pulchrum est digito monstrari, et dicier, Hic est:
Ten' cirratorum centum dictata fuisse
Pro nihilo pendas? Ecce inter pocula quærunt
Romulidæ saturi, quid dia poemata narrent.
Hîc aliquis, cui circum humeros hyacinthina læna est,

But mark OUR jury. O'er the flowing bowl,
When wine has drown'd all energy of soul,
Ere FARO comes (a dreary interval!)
For some fond fashionable lay they call.
Here the spruce ensign, tottering on his chair,
With lisping accent, and affected air,
Recounts the wayward fate* of that poor poet,
Who born for anguish, and dispos'd to shew it,

Rancidulum quiddam balba de nare locutus,
Phyllidas, Hypsipylas, vatum et plorabile si quid
Eliquat, et tenero supplantat verba palato.

NOTES.

* Recounts the wayward fate.—In the INTERVIEW, (see the British Album) the lover finding his mistress inexorable, comforts himself, and justifies her, by boasting how well he can play the fool. And never did Don Quixote exhibit half so many extravagant tricks in the Sierra Morena, for the *beaux yeux* of his Dulcinea, as our distracted amoroso threatens to perform for the no less beautiful ones of Anna Matilda.

" Yes, I will prove that I deserve my fate,
" Was born for anguish, and was form'd for hate;
" With such transcendent woe will breathe my sigh,
" That envying fiends shall think it ecstasy," &c.

Did yet so aukwardly his means employ,
That gaping fiends mistook his grief for joy.
Lost in amaze at language so divine,
The audience hiccup, and exclaim, "Damn'd fine!"
And are not now the author's ashes blest?
Now lies the turf not lightly on his breast?
Do not sweet violets now around him bloom?
Laurels now burst spontaneous from his tomb?——
F. This is mere mockery: and (in your ear)
Reason is ill refuted by a sneer.
Is praise an evil? Is there to be found
One so indifferent to its soothing sound,
As not to wish hereafter to be known,
And make a long futurity his own;
Rather than—
P.—With 'Squire Jerningham descend
To pastry-cooks and moths, "and there an end!"

Assensere viri. Nunc non cinis ille poetæ
Felix? non levior cippus nunc imprimit ossa?
Laudant convivæ: nunc non e manibus illis,
Nunc non e tumulo, fortunataque favilla,
Nascentur violæ? Rides, ait, et nimis uncis
Naribus indulges: an erit, qui velle recuset

(l) O thou that deign'st this homely scene to share,
Thou know'st when chance (tho' this indeed be rare*)
With random gleams of wit has grac'd my lays,
Thou know'st too well how I have relish'd praise.

Os populi meruisse; et cedro digna locutus,
Linquere nec scombros metuentia carmina, nec thus?
(l) Quisquis es, O, modo quem ex adverso dicere feci,
Non ego, cum scribo, si forte quid aptius exit,

NOTES.

* To see how a Cruscan can blunder! Mr. Parsons thus politely comments on this unfortunate hemistich:

"Thou lowest of the imitating race,
"Thou imp of satire, and thou foul disgrace;
"Who callest *each* coarse phrase a lucky hit," &c.

Alas! no: I call few of them so. But this is of a piece with his qui-pro-quo on the preface to the Mæviad—where, on my saying I had laid the poem aside for two years, he exultingly exclaims, "Soh! it "was two years in hand then!"

Mr. P. is highly celebrated, I am told, for his skill in driving a bargain: it is to be presumed he does it with his spectacles on!

Not mine the soul that pants not after fame—
Ambitious of a poet's envied name,
I haunt the sacred fount, athirst to prove
The grateful influence of the stream I love.
And yet, my friend (though still at praise bestow'd
Mine eye has glisten'd, and my cheek has glow'd)
Yet when I prostitute the lyre to gain
The eulogies that wait each modish strain,
May the sweet Muse my groveling hopes withstand,
And tear the strings indignant from my hand;
Nor think that, while my verse too much I prize,
Too much th' applause of fashion I despise;
For mark to what 'tis given, and then declare,
Mean tho' I am, if it be worth my care.
Is it not given to Este's unmeaning dash,
To Topham's fustian, Reynolds' flippant trash,

Quando hæc rara avis est, si quid tamen aptius exit,
Laudari metuam; neque enim mihi cornea fibra est:
Sed recti, finemque, extremumque, esse recuso
Euge tuum, et belle; nam belle hoc excute totum.
Quid non intus habet? Non hîc est Ilias Acci
Ebria veratro? non si qua elegidia crudi
Dictarunt proceres? non quidquid denique lectis

To Andrews'* doggrel, where three wits combine,
To Morton's catch-word,† Greathead's ideot line,
And Holcroft's Shug-lane cant, and Merry's Moor-fields whine.‡

Scribitur in citreis?

NOTES.

* ANDREWS.—Such is the reputation this gentleman has obtained for Epilogue writing, that the minor poets of the day, despairing of emulating, are now only solicitous of assisting him—happy if they can obtain admission for a couplet or two into the body of his immortal works, and thus secure to themselves a small portion of that popular applause, so lavishly, and so justly bestowed on every thing that bears the signature of Miles Andrews! See the PROLOGUE to the CURE FOR THE HEART ACHE by Miles Andrews, and ASSISTANTS.

† Morton's catch-word.—WONDERFUL is the profundity of the Bathos! I thought O'Keefe had reached the bottom of it: but as uncle Bowling says, I thought a d—n'd lie: for Holcroft, Reynolds, and Morton, have sunk infinitely beneath him. They have happily found

In the *lowest* deep a *lower* still,

and persevere in exploring it with an emulation which does them honour.

(m) Skill'd in one useful science at the least,
The great man comes, and spreads a sumptuous feast:

(m) Calidum scis ponere sumen,

NOTES.

Will posterity believe that this facetious triumvirate should think nothing more to be necessary to the construction of a play, than an eternal repetition of some contemptible vulgarity, such as "That's your sort!" "Hey, damme!" "What's to pay!" "Keep mov-"ing," &c.! They will: for they will have block-heads of their own, who will found their claims to celebrity, on similar follies. What, however, they will never credit is—that these drivellings of ideotism, these catch-words, should actually preserve their respective authors from being hissed off the stage. No, they will not believe that an English audience could be so besotted, so brutified as to receive such senseless exclamations with bursts of laughter, with peals of applause. I cannot believe it myself; though I have witnessed it. Haud credo—if I may reverse the good father's position—Haud credo, quia possibile est.

‡ Merry's Moorfields whine.—In a most wretched rhapsody of incomprehensible nonsense, addressed by this gentleman to Mrs. Robinson, which she in her *valuable* poems (page 100) calls a charming composition, abounding in lines of exquisite beauty, is the following rant:

Then, when his guests behold the prize at stake,
And thirst and hunger only are awake,
My friends, he cries, what do the galleries say,
And what the boxes, of my last new play?

Scis comitem horridulum trita donare lacerna:
Et verum, inquis, amo; verum mihi dicite de me.
Qui pote? vis dicam? nugaris——

NOTES.

"Conjure up demons from the main;
"Storms upon storms indignant heap,
"Bid ocean howl, and nature weep,
"Till the Creator *blush to see*
"*How horrible his world can be:*
"While I will GLORY TO BLASPHEME,
"AND MAKE THE JOYS OF HELL MY THEME."

The reader, perhaps, wonders what dreadful event gave birth to these fearful imprecations. As far as I can collect, it was—the aforesaid Mrs. Robinson's *not opening her eyes!!!* Surely it is most devoutly to be wished that these poor creatures would recollect, amidst their frigid ravings, and common-place extravagances, that excellent maxim of POPE—

"Persist, by nature, reason, taste, unaw'd;
"But learn, ye DUNCES, not to scorn your GOD."

Speak freely, tell me all—come, be sincere;
For truth, you know, is music to my ear.
They speak? Alas, they cannot! But shall I;
I, who receive no bribe, who dare not lie?
This then—" that worse was never writ before,
" Nor worse will be—till thou shalt write once more."
(n) Blest be " two-headed Janus!" tho' inclin'd,
No waggish stork can peck at him behind;
He no wry mouth, no lolling tongue can fear,
Nor the brisk twinkling of an ass's ear.
But you, ye St. Johns, curs'd with one poor head,
Alas! what mockeries have not ye to dread!
(o) Hear now our guests:—The critics, Sir? they cry—
Merit like yours the critics may defy.

(n) O Jane, a tergo quem nulla ciconia pinsit,
Nec manus auriculas imitata est mobilis albas,
Nec linguæ, quantum sitiat canis Appula, tantæ.
Vos, O patricius sanguis, quos vivere fas est
Occipiti cæco, posticæ occurrite sannæ.

(o) Quis populi sermo est? quis enim? nisi carmina molli
Nunc demum numero fluere, ut per leve severos
Effundat junctura ungues——

But this, indeed, they say—"Your varied rhymes,
"At once the boast and envy of the times,
"In every page, song, sonnet, what you will,
"Shew boundless genius, and unrivall'd skill.
"If comedy be yours, the searching strain
"Gives a sweet pleasure, so chastis'd by pain,
"That e'en the guilty at their sufferings smile,
"And bless the lancet, tho' they bleed the while.
"If tragedy, th' impassion'd numbers flow
"In all the sad variety of woe,
"With such a liquid lapse, that they betray
"The breast unwares, and steal the soul away."
(p) Thus fool'd, the moon-struck tribe, whose best essays
Sunk in acrostics and in roundelays,
To loftier labours now pretend a call,
And bustle in heroics, one and all.
E'en Bertie burns of gods and chiefs to sing—
Bertie who lately twitter'd to the string

Sive opus in mores, in luxum, in prandia regum,
Dicere res grandes nostro dat Musa poetæ.

(p) Ecce modo heroas sensus afferre videmus
Nugari solitos Græcè, nec ponere lucum

His namby-pamby madrigals of love,
In the dark dingles of a glittering grove,
Where airy lays,* wove by the hand of morn,
Were hung to dry upon a cobweb thorn!!!

Happy the soil where bards like mushrooms rise,
And ask no culture but what Byshe supplies!
Happier the bards who, write whate'er they will,
Find gentle readers to admire them still!

Some love the verse that like Maria's flows,
No rubs to stagger, and no sense to pose;
Which read, and read, you raise your eyes in doubt,
And gravely wonder what it is about.

Artifices, nec rus saturum laudare.—Euge, poeta!
Est nunc Brisæi quem venosus liber Acci
Sunt quos Pacuvlusque, et verrucosa moretur
Antiopa, ærumnis cor luctificabile fulta.

NOTES.

* Where airy lays, &c.

"Was it the shuttle of the morn
"That hung upon the cobweb'd thorn
"Thy airy lay? Or did it rise,
"In thousand rich enamell'd dyes,
"To greet the noon-day sun," &c.

BELL'S ALBUM, vol. ii.

These fancy "BELL'S POETICS" only sweet,
And intercept his hawkers in the street;
There smoking hot, inhale MIT YENDA'S* strains,
And the rank fume of TONY PASQUIN'S brains.† 191

NOTES.

* MIT YENDA. This is Mr. Tim, alias Mr. Timothy Adney, a most pertinacious gentleman, who makes a conspicuous figure in the daily papers under the ingenious signature above cited; it being, as the reader already sees, his own name read backward. "Gentle dulness ever loves a joke!"

Of his prodigious labours I have nothing by me but the following stanza, taken from what he calls his Poor Man:

"Reward the bounty of your generous hand,
"Your head each night in comfort shall be *laid*,
"And plenty smile throughout your fertile land,
"While I do hasten to the silent *grave*."

"Good morrow, my worthy masters and mistresses "all; and a merry Christmas to you!"

I find I have been guilty of a misnomer. Mr. Adney having politely informed me, since the above was written, that his christian name was not Timothy but Thomas. The Anagram in question, therefore must be MOT YENDA; omitting the H *euphoniae gratia*. I am happy in an opportunity of doing justice to so correct a gentleman, and I pray him to continue his valuable lucubrations.

Others, like Kemble, on black letter pore,
And what they do not understand, adore;

NOTES.

† TONY PASQUIN.—I have too much respect for my reader to affront him with any specimens of this man's poetry, at once licentious and dull beyond example: at the same time I cannot resist the temptation of presenting him with the following stanzas, written by a friend of mine, and sufficiently illustrative of the character in question:

"*To* ANTHONY PASQUIN, *Esq.*

"Why dost thou tack, most simple Anthony,
"The name of *Pasquin* to thy ribbald strains?
"Is it a fetch of wit, to let us see
"Thou, like that statue, art devoid of brains?

"But thou mistak'st: for know, tho' Pasquin's head
"Be full as hard, and near as thick, as thine;
"Yet has the world admiring on it read
"Many a keen gibe, and many a sportive line.

"While nothing from thy jobbernowl can spring
"But impudence and filth; for out, alas!
"Do what we will, 'tis still the same vile thing,
"Within, all brick-dust—and without, all brass.

Buy at vast sums the *trash* of ancient days,
And draw on prodigality for praise.
These, when some lucky hit, or lucky price,
Has bless'd them with "*The Boke of gode advice,*"

NOTES.

"Then blot the name of PASQUIN from thy page;
"Thou seest it will not thy poor riff-raff sell.
"Some other would'st thou take? I dare engage
"JOHN WILLIAMS, or Tom Fool, will do as well."

TONY has taken my friend's advice, and now sells, or attempts to sell his "riff-raff" under the name of JOHN WILLIAMS.

It has been represented to me, that I should do well to avoid all mention of this man; from a consideration that one so lost to every sense of decency and shame, was a fitter object for the Beadle than the Muse. This has induced me to lay aside a second castigation which I had prepared for him, though I do not think it expedient to omit what I had formerly written.

HERE on the rack of Satire let him lie,
Fit garbage for the hell-hound Infamy.

One word more. I am told there are men so weak as to deprecate this miserable object's abuse, and so

For *ekes* and *algates* only deign to seek,
And live upon a *whilome* for a week.*

NOTES.

vain, so despicably vain, as to tolerate his praise—for such I have nothing but pity;—though the fate of Hastings, see the "Pin-basket to the Children of "Thespis," holds out a dreadful lesson to the latter —but should there be a man, or a woman, however high their rank, base enough to purchase the venal pen of this miscreant for the sake of traducing innocence and virtue; then——I was about to threaten, but 'tis not necessary: the profligate cowards who employ Antony can know no severer punishment than the support of a man whose acquaintance is infamy, and whose touch is poison.

* Others like Kemble, &c.—Tho' no great Catalogue-hunter, I love to look into such marked ones as now and then fall in my way. That of poor Dodd's books amused me not a little. It exhibited many instances of BLACK LETTER mania; and what is more to my purpose, a transfer of much valuable "trash of "ancient days," to the fortunate Mr. Kemble. For example,

	£.	s.	d.
First part of the tragicall Raigne of Selimus Emperor of the Turks - - -	1	11	6

(q) And can we, when such mope-eyed dolts are plac'd
By thoughtless fashion on the throne of taste—
Say, can we wonder whence this jargon flows,
This motley fustian, neither verse nor prose,
This old, new, language that defiles our page;
The refuse and the scum of every age?
(r) Lo, Beaufoy* tells of Afric's barren sand
In all the flow'ry phrase of fairy land:

(q) Hos pueris monitus patres infundere lippos
Cum videas, quærisque unde hæc sartago loquendi
Venerit in linguas? unde istud dedecus?——
(r)——— crimina rasis
Librat in antithetis; doctas posuisse figuras
Laudatur; bellum hoc. Hoc bellum? An Romule, ceves?

NOTES.

	£.	s.	d.
Jacob and Esau, a Mery and Whittie Comedie - - - - - -	3	5	0
Look About You, a comedie - - -	5	7	6
The tragedie of T. Nero, Rome's Greatest Tyraunte, &c. &c. - - -	1	4	0

"How are we ruined!"

* Lo! Beaufoy &c.—"the feet are *accommodated*

There Fezzan's thrum-capp'd tribes, Turks, Christians, Jews,
Accommodate, ye gods! their feet with shoes.

NOTES.

" with shoes,† and the head is *protected* by a—woollen
" nightcap."

AFRICAN ASSOCIATION, p. 139.

" From this scene of gladsome contrast, i. e. from
" the mountain of Zilau (p. 288), whose rugged sides
" are marked with scanty spots of brushwood, and
" enriched with stores of water, to the long ascent of
" the broad rock of Gerdobah (p. 289), from whose
" inflexible barrenness little is to be got—from this
" scene, I say, of gladsome contrast to the *inveterate*
" mountains of Gegogib, &c."

---

† Shoes.—By your leave, master critic, here is a small oversight in your quotation. The gentleman does not say their feet are accommodated with *shoes*, but with *slippers*. For the rest, *accommodate*, as I learn, is a scholar-like word, and a word of exceeding great propriety. *Accommodate!* it comes from *accommodo:* that is, when a man's feet are, as they say, accommodated: or when they are—being—whereby they may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing!

PRINTER'S DEVIL.

There *meagre* shrubs *inveterate* mountains grace,
And *brushwood* breaks the *amplitude of space.*
Perplex'd with terms so vague and undefin'd,
I blunder on; till wilder'd, giddy, blind,
Where'er I turn, on clouds I seem to tread;
And call for Mandeville to ease my head.

Oh for the good old times! WHEN all was new,
And every hour brought prodigies to view,
Our sires in unaffected language told
Of streams of amber, and of rocks of gold:
Full of their theme, they spurn'd all idle art;
And the plain tale was trusted to the heart.
Now all is changed! We fume and fret, poor elves;
Less to display our subject, than ourselves:
Whate'er we paint—a grot, a flow'r, a bird,
Heavens! how we sweat, laboriously absurd!
Words of gigantic bulk, and uncouth sound,
In rattling triads the long sentence bound;

NOTES.

"In the long course of a seven-days passage, the "traveller is scarcely sensible that a few spots of thin "and *meagre* brushwood slightly interrupt the vast "expanse of sterility, and diminish the amplitude of "desolation!!!"

While points with points, with periods periods jar,
And the whole work seems one continued war!
Is not THIS sad?

F. "'Tis pitiful, God knows,
"'Tis wond'rous pitiful." E'en take the prose;
But for the poetry—oh, that my friend,
I still aspire—nay, smile not—to defend.
(s) You praise our sires, but, though they wrote with force,
Their rhymes were vicious, and their diction coarse;
We want their *strength:* agreed. But we atone
For that, and more, by *sweetness* all our own.
For instance—" * Hasten to the lawny vale,
" Where yellow morning breathes her saffron gale,

(s) Sed numeris decor est, et junctura addita crudis.
Claudere sic versum didicit Berecynthius Atin,
Et qui cæruleum dirimebat Nerea Delphin.
Sic costam longo subduximus Appennino.

NOTES.

* Hasten, &c.—This and the following quotation are taken from the "Laurel of Liberty," a work on which the great author most justly rests his claim to immortality. See p. 18.

" And bathes the landscape—"

P. Pshaw! I have it here:

" A voice seraphic grasps my listening ear:
" Wond'ring I gaze; when lo! methought afar,
" More bright than dauntless day's imperial star,
" A godlike form advances."

F. You suppose
These lines perhaps too turgid; what of those?
" THE MIGHTY MOTHER *(t)*—"

P. Now 'tis plain you sneer,
For Weston's * self could find no semblance here.
Weston! who slunk from truth's imperious light,
Swells like a filthy toad with secret spite,

(t) " ARMA VIRUM ——"

NOTES.

* Weston.—This indefatigable gentleman has been attacking the moral character of Pope in the Gentleman's Magazine, with all the virulence of Gildon, all the impudence of Smedley, and all the ignorance of Curl and his associates.

What the views of the bland Sylvanus may be, in standing cap in hand, and complacently holding open the door of the temple, for near two years, to this

And, envying the fair fame he cannot hope,
Spits his black venom at the dust of Pope.

NOTES.

" † execrable" Erostratus, I know not. He cannot sure be weak enough to suppose an obscure scribbler like this, has any charges to bring against our great poet, that escaped the vigilant malevolence of the Westons of the Dunciad. Or if ever, from the " na- " tural goodness of his heart," he cherished so laudable a supposition, he ought (whatever it may cost him) to forego it: when, after twenty months preparation, nothing is produced but an exploded accusation taken from the most common edition of the Dunciad; which, as nothing but Westonian rancour could first make, so nothing but Westonian stupidity can now revive.

It has been suggested to me, that this nightman of literature designs to reprint as much as can be collected of the heroes of the Dunciad.—If it be so, the dirty work of traducing Pope may be previously necessary; and prejudice itself must own, that he has shewn uncommon penetration in the selection of the

† Such is the epithet applied to Pope by the " virtuous " indignation" of this " amiable" traducer of worth and genius!

Reptile accurs'd!—O memorable long,
If there be force in virtue or in song,
O injur'd bard! accept the grateful strain,
That I, the humblest of the tuneful train,
With glowing heart, yet trembling hand, repay
For many a pensive, many a sprightly lay:
So may thy varied verse, from age to age,
Inform the simple, and delight the sage!
While canker'd Weston, and his loathsome rhymes,
Stink in the nose of all succeeding times!

NOTES.

blind and outrageous mercenary now so laboriously employed in it.

Whatever be the design, the proceedings are by no means inconsistent with the plan of a work which may not unaptly be styled THE CHARNEL-HOUSE OF REPUTATION, and which, from the days of Lauder to the present, has delighted to asperse every thing venerable amongst us—which accused Swift of lust, and Addison of drunkenness; which insulted the ashes of Toup while they were yet warm, and gibbeted poor Henderson alive; which affected to idolize the great and good Howard, while idolatry was painful to him; and the moment he fell, gloriously fell, in the exercise of the most sublime virtue, attempted to stigmatise him as a brute and a monster!

(u) Enough. But where (for these, you seem to say,
Are samples of the high, heroic lay)
Where are the soft, the tender strains, that call
For the moist eye, bow'd head, and lengthen'd drawl?
Lo! here—"*Can'st thou, Matilda, urge my fate,
" And bid me mourn thee?—yes, and mourn too late!

(u) Quidnam igitur tenerum et laxa cervice legendum?
Torva Mimalloneis implerunt cornua bombis,

NOTES.

*Canst thou, Matilda, &c. (vide Album, vol. ii.) —Matilda! "nay then, I'll never trust a madman "again." It was but a few minutes since, that Mr. Merry died for the love of Laura Maria; and now is he going to do the same thing for the love of Anna Matilda?

What the ladies may say to such a swain, I know not; but certainly he is too prone to run wild, die, &c. &c. Such indeed is the combustible nature of this gentleman, that he takes fire at every female signature in the papers: and I remember, that when Olaudo Equiano, (who, for a black, is not ill-featured) tried his hand at a soft sonnet, and by mistake subscribed it *Olauda*, Mr. Merry fell so desperately in love with him, and "yelled out such syllables of dolour" in consequence of it, that "the pitiful-hearted" negro

" O rash, severe decree! my maddening brain
" Cannot the ponderous agony sustain;
" But forth I rush, from vale to mountain run,
" And with my mind's thick gloom obscure the sun."
(v) Heavens! if our ancient vigour were not fled,
Could VERSE like this be written, or be read?
VERSE! THAT's the mellow fruit of toil intense,
Inspir'd by genius, and inform'd by sense;
THIS, the abortive progeny of Pride
And Dulness, gentle pair, for aye allied;
Begotten without thought, born without pains,
The ropy drivel of rheumatic brains.

Et raptum vitulo caput ablatura superbo
Bassaris———
(v) Hæc fierent, si testiculi vena ulla paterni
Viveret in nobis? summa delumbe saliva,
Hoc natat in labris: et in udo est Mænas et Atin;
Nec pluteum cædit, nec demorsos sapit ungues.

NOTES.

was frightened at the mischief he had done, and transmitted in all haste the following correction to the editor——" For *OlaudA*, please to read *OlaudO*, the black " MAN."

F. *(w)* So let it be: and yet, methinks, my friend,
Silence were wise, where satire will not mend.
Why wound the feelings of our noble youth,
And grate their tender ears with odious truth?
They cherish Arno,* and his flux of song,
And hate the man who tells 'em they are wrong.

(w) Sed quid opus teneras mordaci radere vero
Auriculas? vide sis, ne majorum tibi forte
Limina frigescant: sonat hîc de nare canina

NOTES.

* Of this *spes altera Romae*, this second hope of the age, the following stanzas will afford a sufficient specimen. They are taken from a ballad which Mr. Bell, an admirable judge of these matters, calls a "very "mellifluous one; easy, artless, and unaffected."

"*Gently* o'er the rising *billows*
"*Softly* steals the bird of night,
"*Rustling* thro' the *bending willows*;
"*Fluttering* pinions *mark* her flight.

"Whither now in *silence bending*,
"Ruthless winds *deny thee rest*;
"Chilling *night-dews* fast descending
"*Glisten* on thy downy breast.

Your fate already I foresee. My Lord
With cold respect will freeze you from his board;

NOTES.

" Seeking some kind hand to guide thee
" *Wistful* turns thy *fearful* eye;
" *Trembling* as the willows *hide* thee,
" *Shelter'd* from th' inclement sky."

The story of this poor owl, who was at one and the same time at sea and on land, silent and noisy, sheltered and exposed, is continued through a few more of these " mellifluous" stanzas: which the reader, I doubt not, will readily forgive me for omitting; more especially if he reads the ORACLE, a PAPER honoured —as the grateful editor very properly has it — by the effusions of this " artless" gentleman above all others.

N. B. On looking again, I find the OWL to be a Nightingale.—N'importe.

It was said of Theophilus Cibber (I think by Goldsmith), that as he grew older, he grew never the better. Much the same (mutatis mutandis) may be said of the gentlemen of the Baviad. After an interval of two years, I find the " mellifluous" ARNO celebrating Mrs. Robinson's Novel in strains like these:

And his Grace cry, "Hence with your sapient sneer!
"Hence! we desire no currish critic here."

NOTES.

"*For the* ORACLE.

"SONNET to Mrs. ROBINSON,

"*Upon reading her* VANCENZA.

"WHAT never-ceasing Music! From the throne
"Where sweetest SENSIBILITY enshrin'd
"Pours out her tender triumphs, all alone
"To every murmuring breeze of passing wind!

"O, blest with all the lovely lapse of Song,
"That bathes with purest balm the soften'd breast,
"I see thee urge thy Fancy's course along
"The solemn glooms of GOTHIC piles *unblest*.

"VANCENZA rises—o'er her time-touch'd spires
"GUILT *unreveal'd* hovers with killing dew,
"Frustrates the fondness of the VIRGIN's fires,
"And bares the *murd'rous* CASKET to her view.

"The thrilling pulse creeps back upon each Heart,
"And HORROR lords it by thy fascinating Art."

"ARNO."

Et vitula TU dignus, et HÆC! The Novel is worthy of the Poetry; the Poetry of the Novel.

P. Enough. (*x*) Thank heaven! my error now I see,
And all shall be divine, henceforth, for me:
Yes, Andrews' doggrel, Greathead's idiot line,
And Morton's catch-word, all, forsooth, divine!
F. 'Tis well. Here let th' indignant stricture cease,
And LEEDS at length enjoy his fool in peace.
P. Come then, around their works a circle draw,
And near it plant the dragons of the law;
With labels writ, "Critics far hence remove,
"Nor dare to censure what the great approve."
I go. (*y*) Yet Hall could lash with noble rage
The purblind patron of a former age,
And laugh to scorn th' eternal sonnetteer,
Who made goose-pinions and white rags so dear.
Yet Oldham, in his rude, unpolish'd strain,
Could hiss the clamorous, and deride the vain,

Litera. (*x*) Per me equidem sint omnia protinus alba.
Nil moror: euge, omnes, omnes bene miræ eritis res.
Hoc juvat: hîc inquis, veto, quisquam faxit oletum.
Pinge duos angues: pueri, sacer est locus, extra
Mejite; (*y*) discedo: secuit Lucilius urbem,
Te Lupe, te Muti, et genuinum fregit in illis.

Who bawl'd their rhymes incessant thro' the town,
Or brib'd the hawkers for a day's renown.
Whate'er the theme, with honest warmth they wrote,
Nor car'd what Mutius of their freedom thought:
Yet prose was venial in that happy time,
And life had other business than to rhyme.
(z) And may not I—now this pernicious pest,
This metromania, creeps thro' every breast;
Now fools and children void their brains by loads,
And itching grandams spawl lascivious odes;
Now lords and dukes, curs'd with a sickly taste,
While Burns' pure healthful nurture runs to waste,
Lick up the spittle of the bed-rid muse,
And riot on the sweepings of the stews;
Say, may not I expose—
F. No—'tis unsafe.
Prudence my friend.
P. What! not deride, not laugh?
Well! thought at least is free—

(z) Men' mutire nefas, nec clam, nec cum scrobe?
Nusquam.
Hîc tamen infodiam. Vidi, vidi ipse, libelle:
Auriculas asini Mida rex habet. Hoc ego opertum,

F. O yet forbear.

P. Nay, then, I'll dig a pit, and bury there
The dreadful truth that so alarms thy fears:
THE TOWN, THE TOWN, GOOD PIT, HAS ASSES EARS!
Thou think'st perhaps, this wayward fancy strange;
So think thou still; yet would not I exchange
The secret humour of this simple hit
For all the Albums that were ever writ.
Of this no more. O THOU (if yet there be
One bosom from this vile infection free),
THOU who canst thrill with joy, or glow with ire,
As the great masters of the song inspire,
Canst bend enraptur'd o'er the magic page,
Where desperate ladies desperate lords engage,
Gnomes, Sylphs, and Gods, the fierce contention share,
And heaven and earth hang trembling on a hair;
Canst quake with horror while Emilia's charms
Against a brother point a brother's arms,

Hoc ridere meum tam nil, nulla tibi vendo
Iliade. Audaci quicunque afflate Cratino,
Iratum Eupolidem prægrandi cum sene palles,
Aspice et hæc, si forte aliquid decoctius audis.

And trace the fortune of the varying fray,
While hour on hour flits unperceiv'd away—
Approach: 'twixt hope and fear I wait. O deign
To cast a glance on this incondite strain:
Here, if thou find one thought but well exprest,
One sentence higher finish'd than the rest,
Such as may win thee to proceed awhile,
And smooth thy forehead with a gracious smile,
I ask no more. *(a)*But far from me the throng,
Who fancy fire in Laura's vapid song,
Who Anna's bedlam-rant for sense can take,
And over *Edwin's mewlings keep awake;

Inde vaporata lector mihi ferveat aure.
*(a)*Non hic, qui in crepidas Graiorum ludere gestit,
Sese aliquem credens, Italo quod honore supinus

NOTES.

* *Edwin's Mewlings*, &c.)—We come now to a character of high respect, the profound Mr. T. Vaughan, who, under the alluring signature of Edwin, favours us from time to time with a melancholy poem on the death of a bug, the flight of an earwig, the miscarriage of a cock-chaffer, or some other event of equal importance.

Yes, far from me, whate'er their birth or place,
These long-ear'd judges of the Phrygian race,

Fregerit heminas—

NOTES.

His last work was an Επιταφιον (blessings on his learning!) which I take for granted means *an Epitaph*, on a mouse that broke her heart: and, as it was a matter of great consequence, he very properly made the introduction as long as the poem itself. Hear how gravely he prologiseth.

" *On a tame mouse, which belonged to a lady who saved*
" *its life, constantly fed it, and even wept, poor lady!*
" *at its approaching death. The mouse's eyes actually*
" *dropped out of its head, poor mouse!* THE DAY BE-
" FORE IT DIED.

Επιταφιον.

" This feeling mouse whose heart was warm'd
" By Pity's purest ray,
" Because her Mistress dropt a tear,
" Wept both her eyes away.

" By sympathy depriv'd of light,
" She one day's darkness tried;
" *The grateful tear no more could flow,*
" So lik'd it not, and died.

Their censure and their praise alike I scorn,
And hate the laurel by their followers worn!

NOTES.

" May we when others weep for us,
" The debt with int'rest pay—
" And, when the gen'rous fonts are dry,
" Revert to native clay."

" EDWIN."

Mr. T. Vaughan has asserted that he is not the author of this matchless Επιταφιον, with such spirit, and retorted upon one Baviad (whom without all controversy the learned gentleman takes to be a man) with such strength of argument, and elegance of diction, that I should wrong both him and the reader, to give it in any words but his own.

" Well said, Baviad the correct! — And so the " PROFOUND Mr. T. Vaughan, as you politely style " him, writes under the alluring signature of Edwin, " does he? and therefore a very proper subject for " your satiric malignity! — But suppose for a moment, " as the *truth* and the *fact* is, that this gentleman " never did use that signature upon any occasion, in " whatever he may have written: Do not you the " identical Baviad, in that case, for your unprovoked " abuse of him, immediately fall under your own cha- " racter of that Nightman of Literature you so libe-

Let such, a task congenial to their powers,
At sales and auctions waste the morning hours,

His mane edictum, post prandia Calliroën do.

NOTES.

"rally assign Weston? And like him too, if there is "any truth in what you say or write, do you not

"Swell like a filthy toad with secret spite?

"The ayes have it. And should you not be as well "versed in your favourite Author's Fourth Satire, as "you are in the First, with your leave, I will *quote* "from it *two* emphatic lines:

"Into themselves how few, how few descend,
"And act, at home, the free impartial friend!
"None see their own, but all with ready eye
"The pendant wallet on a neighbour spy;
"And like a Baviad will recount his shame,
"Tacking his *very errors* to *his name*."

"ORACLE, 12th Jan."

And to *whose* name should they be tacked, but the author's? Let not the reader, however, imagine the absurdity to proceed from Persius, or his ingenious translator. "The truth and the fact is," that our learned brother, having a small change to make in the two last lines, blundered them with his usual acuteness into nonsense. He is not much more happy

While the dull noon away in Christie's fane,
And snore the evening out at Drury-lane;
Lull'd by the twang of Bensley's nasal note,
And the hoarse croak of Kemble's foggy throat.

NOTES.

when he accuses me of calling WESTON "the Night-"man of Literature:" if he will look again, he will find that it was *Sylvanus* whom I termed so. But when a gentleman does not know what he writes, it is a little hard upon him to expect he should know what he reads. After all, Edwin or not, our egregious friend is still the PROFOUND Mr. T. Vaughan.

THE MÆVIAD.

Qui BAVIUM *non odit, amet tua carmina* MÆVI.

IN the INTRODUCTION to the preceding pages, I have given a brief account of the rise and progress of that spurious species of poetry, which lately infested this metropolis, and gave occasion to the BAVIAD.

I was not ignorant of what I exposed myself to, by the publication of that work. If abuse could have affected me, I should not probably have made a set of people my enemies, habituated to ill language, and possessed of such convenient vehicles* for

NOTES.

* Most of these fashionable writers were connected with the public prints. Della Crusca was a worthy coadjutor of the mad and malignant idiot who conducted the World. Arno, and Lorenzo, were either

its dissemination. But I never regarded it from such hands; and, indeed, deprecated nothing but their praise. I respect, in common with every man of sense, the censure of the wise and good: but the angry ebullitions of folly unmasked, and vanity mortified, pass by me, "like the idle wind;" or, if noticed, serve merely to grace some succeeding edition of the Baviad.

I confess, however, that the work was received more favourably than I expected. Bell, indeed, and a few others, whose craft I had touched, vented their indignation in prose, and verse: but, on the whole, the clamour against me was not loud; and was lost by insensible degrees in the applauses of such as I was truly ambitious to please.

Thus supported, the good effects of the satire (gloriosè loquor) were not long in manifesting them-

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NOTES.

proprietors or editors of another paper. Edwin and Anna Matilda, were favoured contributors to several, and Laura Maria from the sums she squandered on puffs, could command a corner in all.

selves. Della Crusca appeared no more in the Oracle, and, if any of his followers ventured to treat the town with a soft sonnet, it was not, as before, introduced by a pompous preface. Pope and Milton resumed their superiority; and Este and his coadjutors, silently acquiesced in the growing opinion of their incompetency, and shewed some sense of shame.

With this I was satisfied. I had taken up my pen for no other end: and was quietly retiring, with the idea that I had "done the state some service;" and purposing to abandon for ever the cæstus, which a respectable critic fancies I wielded "with too much severity;" when I was once more called into the lists,* by the re-appearance of some of the scattered enemy.

NOTES.

* I hope no one will do me the injustice to suppose that I imagine myself another Hercules, contending with Hydras, &c. Far from it. My enemies cannot well have an humbler opinion of me, than I have of myself; and yet "if I am not ashamed of them, I am

It was not enough that the stream of folly flowed more sparingly in the Oracle than before; I was determined

To have the current in *that place* damm'd up;

And accordingly began the present poem — for which, indeed, I had by this time other reasons. I had been told that there were still a few admirers of the Cruscan school, who thought the contempt I shewed for it not sufficiently justified by the few passages I had produced. To silence these objections, therefore, I thought it best to exhibit the tribe of Bell once more; and, as they passed in review

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NOTES.

" a soused gurnet." Mere pecora inertia! The contest is without danger, and the victory without glory. At the same time, I declare against any undue advantage being taken of these concessions. Though I knew the impotence of these literary Askaparts, the town did not: and many a man, who now affects to pity me for wasting my strength upon unresisting imbecility, would, not long since, have heard their poems with applause, and their praises with delight.

before me, to make such additional extracts* from their works, as should put their demerits beyond the power of future question.

I remembered that this gentleman, in his excellent remarks on the Baviad, had charged the author with "bespattering *nearly* all the poetical eminence "of the day." Anxious, therefore, to do impartial justice, I ran for the ALBUM, to discover whom I had spared. Here I read, "In this collection are "names whom Genius will ever look upon as its "*best* supporters! Sheridan"——what, is 'SAUL 'also among the Prophets!'—"Sheridan, Merry, "Parsons, Cowley, Andrews, Jerningham, Colman, "Topham, Robinson," &c.

Thus furnished with "all" the poetical eminence

NOTES.

* I know it will be said that I have done it *usque ad nauseam*. I confess it; and for the reason given above. And yet I can honestly assure the reader, that most, if not all, of the trash I have quoted, passed with the authors for superlative beauties; every second word being printed either in italics, or capitals.

of the day, I proceeded, as Mr. Bell says, to bespatter it; taking for the vehicle of my design, a Satire of Horace—to which I was led by its supplying me (amidst many happy allusions) with an opportunity, I was not unwilling to seize, of briefly noticing the present wretched state of dramatic poetry.*

NOTES.

* I know not if the stage has been so low, since the days of Gammar Gurton, as at this hour. It seems as if all the blockheads in the kingdom had started up, and exclaimed, *una voce*, Come! let us write for the theatres. In this there is nothing, perhaps, altogether new; the striking and peculiar novelty of the times seems to be, that ALL† they write is received. Of the three parties concerned in this business, the writers and the managers seem the least culpable. If the town will have husks, extraordinary pains need not be taken to find them any thing more palatable. But

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† I recollect but two exceptions. Merry's idiotical Opera, and Mrs. Robinson's more idiotical Farce. To have failed where O'Keefe succeeded, argues a degree of stupidity scarcely credible. Surely "ignorance itself is a pla-"net" over the heroes and heroines of the Baviad!

When the MÆVIAD (so I call the present poem) was nearly brought to a conclusion, I laid it aside. The times seemed unfavourable to such productions. Events of real importance were momentarily claiming the attention of the public; and the still

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NOTES.

what shall we say of the town itself? The lower orders of the people are so brutified by the lamentable follies of O'Keefe, and Cobbe, and Pilon, and I know not who—Sardi venales, each worse than the other—that they have lost all relish for simplicity and genuine humour: nay, ignorance itself, unless it be gross and glaring, cannot hope for "their most sweet "voices." And the higher ranks are so mawkishly mild, that they take with a placid simper whatever comes before them: or, if they now and then experience a slight fit of disgust, have not resolution enough to express it, but sit yawning and gaping in each other's faces for a little encouragement in their pitiful forbearance.

When this was written, I thought the town had "sounded," as Shakspeare says, "the very base "string of humility," but it has since appeared, that they had not then reached the lowest point of degradation. The force of English folly, indeed, could go

voice of the muses was not likely to be listened to amidst the din of arms. After an interval of two years, however, circumstances, which it is not material to mention, have induced me to finish, and trust it, without more preface, to the candour to

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NOTES.

no farther, and so far I was right—but the auxiliary supplies of Germany were at hand; and the taste, vitiated by the lively nonsense of O'Keefe and Co. was destined to be utterly brutified and destroyed, by successive importations of the heavy, lumbering, monotonous stupidity of Kotzebue and Schiller.

The object of these writers has been detailed with such force and precision in the Introduction to "THE "ROVERS," (ANTI JACOBIN, *Vol. II. p.* 415.) that nothing remains to be said on that head — indeed the simple perusal of "*The Rovers*" would supersede the necessity of any critique on the merits of the German drama in general, since there is not a folly however gross, an absurdity however monstrous, to be found in that charming jeu d'esprit, that I would not undertake to parallel from one or other of the most admired works of the German Shakspeares.* Why it

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* So Kotzebue and Schiller are styled by the Critical Reviewers.

which I am already so highly indebted for the warm reception of the Baviad.

I should here conclude this introduction, already too long, were it not for the sake of noticing the strange inconsistency of the town. I hear that I am

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NOTES.

has not been produced on the stage is to me a matter of astonishment, since it unites the beauties of the "Stranger" and "Pizarro;" and though perfectly German in its sentiments, is English in its language, —intelligible English; which is infinitely more than can be said of the translation from Kotzebue, so maliciously attributed to Mr. Sheridan.

In a word; if you take from the German dramas their horrid blasphemies, their wanton invocations of the sacred name, and their minute and ridiculous stage-directions, which seem calculated to turn the whole into a pantomime, nothing will remain but a caput mortuum, a vapid and gloomy mass of matter unenlightened by a single ray of genius or nature. If you leave them their blasphemies, &c. you have then a nameless something, insipid though immoral, tedious though impious, and stupid though extravagant! — so much so, that, as a judicious writer well observes, "it becomes a doubt which are the greatest objects "of contempt and scorn, those who conceived and

now breaking butterflies upon wheels! There was a time (it was when the Baviad first appeared) that these butterflies were Eagles, and their obscure and desultory flights, the object of universal envy and admiration. They are yet so with too many: and surely no one can wish another to continue under the infatuation from which himself is happily free, for want of a little additional exertion!

NOTES.

"wrote them, or those who have the effrontery to "praise them." Yet "these be thy Gods, O Israel!" —and to these are sacrificed our taste, our sense, and our national honour!

THE MÆVIAD.

(a) YES, I DID say that Crusca's * "true sublime"
Lack'd taste, and sense, and every thing but rhyme;

IMITATIONS.

HORACE, SAT. X. LIB. I.

(a) Nempe incomposito dixi pede currere versus

NOTES.

* Crusca's "true sublime." The words between inverted commas in this, and the following verses, are Mr. Bell's. They contain, as the reader sees, a short character of the works to which they are respectively affixed. Though I have the misfortune to differ from this gentleman in the present instances, yet I observe such acuteness of perception in his general criticism, that I should have stiled him the "profound" instead

That Arno's "easy strains" were coarse and rough,
And Edwin's "matchless numbers" woeful stuff.
And who—forgive, O gentle Bell! the word,
For it must out—who, prithee, so absurd,
So mulishly absurd, as not to join
In this with me; save always THEF, and THINE!
Yet still, the SOUL of candour! I allow'd
Their jingling elegies amus'd the crowd *(b)*;
That lords and dukes hung blubbering o'er each line,
That lady-critics wept, and cried "divine!"

IMITATIONS.

Lucili. Quis tam Lucili fautor inepte est,
Ut non hoc fateatur?

(b) At idem quod sale multo

NOTES.

of the "gentle" Bell; if I had not previously applied the epithet to a still greater man, (absit invidia dicto) to—Mr. T. Vaughan.

I trust this incidental preference will create no jealousy—for though, as Virgil properly remarks, "An "oaken staff EACH merits;" yet I need not inform a gentleman, who, like Mr. Bell, reads Shakspeare every day after dinner, that "if two men ride upon a "horse, one of them must ride behind."

That love-lorn priests reclin'd the pensive head,
And sentimental ensigns, as they read,
Wiped the sad drops of pity from their eye,
And burst between a hiccup and a sigh.
Yet, not content, like horse-leeches they come,
And split my head with one eternal hum
For "more! more! more!" *(c)* Away! For should I grant
The full, the unreserv'd applause, ye want,
St. John * might then my partial voice accuse,
And claim my suffrage for his tragic muse;

IMITATIONS.

Urbem defricuit, charta laudatur eadem.

Nec tamen hoc tribuens dederim quoque cætera: nam sic
Et Laberî mimos, ut pulchra poemata mirer.

(c) The horse-leech has two daughters, crying, "Give! give!"

PROVERBS.

NOTES.

* St. John, &c. Having already observed in the Introduction that the Mæviad was nearly finished two years since, and consequently before the death of this

And Greathead,* rising from his short disgrace,
Fling the forgotten "Regent" in my face;

NOTES.

gentleman; I have only to add here, that though I should not have introduced into it any of the heroes of the Baviad, quorum Flaminia tegitur cinis, atque Latina, yet I scarce think it necessary to make any changes for the sake of omitting such as have passed ad plures, in the interval between writing and publishing.

The reader will find (v. 235) another instance of my small pretensions to prophecy; and probably regret it more than the present.

* Greathead's Regent.—Of this tragedy, which was recommended to the world in more than one respectable publication, as "the work of a SCHOLAR," I want words to express my opinion. The plot of it was childish, the conduct absurd, the language unintelligible, the thoughts false and confused, the metaphors incongruous, the general style groveling and base; and, to sum up all in a word, the whole piece the most execrable abortion of stupidity that ever disgraced the stage.

It is to be wished that Reviewers, sensible of the influence their opinions necessarily have on the public taste, could divest themselves of their partialities,

Bid me my censure, as I may, deplore,
And like my brother critics, cry "Encore!"

NOTES.

when they sit down to the execution of, what I hope they consider as, their solemn duty. We should not then find them, as in the instance before us, recommending a work to favour, deserving universal reprobation and contempt.

This is perhaps requiring too much; as it supposes them not possessed of the feelings of other men. And yet—on considering the importance of the office they have assumed, and the good or evil they have the means of dispensing—I have on more than one occasion lamented that they were

"No more but even mortals, and commanded
"By such poor passions as the maid that milks,
"And does the meanest chares."

It is but fair to observe, however, that Mr. Parsons has added his all-sufficient suffrage to that of the Reviewers, in favour of Mr. Greathead's abilities.

"O bard! to whom belongs
"Each purest fount of poesy!
"Who old Ilyssus' hallowed dews
"In his OWN Avon dares infuse.

(d) Alas, my learned friends! for learn'd ye are,
As Bell will say, or, if ye ask it, swear;

IMITATIONS.

(d) Ergo non satis est risu diducere rictum
Auditoris; et est quædam tamen hic quoque virtus.

NOTES.

"O favoured clime! O happy age!
"That boasts to save a sinking stage,
"A Greathead!!!"
Gent. Mag.

When I read these, and other high-sounding praises, scattered over Reviews, Magazines, Newspapers, and I know not what, without having seen any thing but the Regent; I was naturally led to suspect that Mr. G. had succeeded better in his smaller pieces, and thus justified in some degree the cry of his "learn-"ing," &c. But no. All was a blank!

Here follow a few samples of the "Ilyssean dews "infused by Mr. Greathead into his OWN Avon"—muddied, I suppose, and debased by the home-bred streamlets of one Shakspeare.

"In fuller presence we descry
"Mid mountain rocks—a deity

'Tis not enough (though this be somewhat too,
And more perhaps* than Jerningham can do)

NOTES.

"Than eye of man shall e'er behold
"In living grace of *sculptur'd* gold." †

More matter for a May morning!

"*ODE ON APATHY.*

"Accurs'd be dull lethargic Apathy,
"Whether at eve she listless ride
"In sluggish car by tortoise drawn—
"With mimic air of senseless pride,
"She feebly throws on all her withering sight,
"While too observant of her sway
"Unmark'd her droning subjects lie,
"Alike to her who murmur or obey."

I hope the reader understands it.

---

† Mr. Parsons says "these lines are not Greathead's." But they are published with his name in the Album; which, exclusive of their stupidity, is sufficient authority for me. If our doughty critic chooses to take them to himself, I can have no objection; for, after all, pugna est de paupere regno!

'Tis not enough to dole out Ahs! and Ohs!
Through Kemble's thorax, or through Bensley's nose;

NOTES.

ODE TO DUEL.

"Never didst thou appear
"While Tiber's sons gave law to all the world;
"Yet much they loved to desolate and slaughter,
"Carthage attest my words.
"To glut their sanguinary rage,
"Not citizens but gladiators fall.
"Slavery and vassalage,
"And savage broils, 'twixt nobles are no more.
"Vanish thou likewise"———

And these are ODES, good heavens! "After the "manner of Pindar," I take for granted.

But enough of Mr. Greathead, whom I hesitate not to pronounce, with all his "scholarship," as ignorant a man as any in the three kingdoms. I have only to add, that I am actuated by no personal dislike of Mr. G.; for I can say with the greatest truth (what indeed I can of all the heroes of the Mæviad) that I have not the slightest knowledge of him. But the daws have strutted too long: it is more than time to strip them of their adventitious plumage; and if, in doing it, I should pluck off any feathers which originally belonged to them, they have only to thank their

To fill our stage with scaffolds, or to fright
Our wives with rapes, repeated thrice a night;

NOTES.

own vanity, or the forwardness of their injudicious friends.

* And more perhaps than Jerningham can do.—No; Mr. Jerningham has lately written a Tragedy and a Farce; both extremely well spoken of by the Reviewers, and both—gone to the "pastry-cooks."

I thought I understood something of faces; but I must read my Lavater over again I find. That a gentleman with the "physiognomie d'un mouton qui "rêve," should suddenly start forth a new Tyrtæus, and pour a dreadful note thro' a cracked war-trump, amazes me—Well, FRONTI NULLA FIDES shall henceforth be my motto!

In the pride of his heart Mr. J. has taken the instrument from his mouth, and given me a smart stroke on the head with it: this is fair,

Cædimus, inque vicem præbemus crura sagittis.

He has also levelled a deadly blow at a gentleman, who most assuredly never dreamed of having our Drawcansir for an antagonist: this, though not quite so fair, is not altogether unprecedented;

An eagle towering in his pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at!

JUDGES——Not such as self-created, sit
On that TREMENDOUS BENCH* which skirts the pit,

NOTES.

There is a trait of scholarship in Mr. Jerningham's last poem, which should not be overlooked; more especially as it is the only one. Having occasion to mention "Agave and her *infant*,†" he subjoins the following explanation: "Alluding to Agave, who in "a delirium slew her *child*. See Ovid." No, I'll take Mr. Jerningham's word for it, though I had twenty Ovids before me.

* When this was written, (which was while the Opera House was used for plays) the "learned jus-"ticers" here enumerated, together with others *not yet taken*, were accustomed to flock nightly to this BENCH, from which the unlettered vulgar were always scornfully repelled with an ΟΥΔΕΙΣ ΑΜΟΥΣΟΣ.

I have not heard whether the New Theatre be possessed of such a one: I think not; for critics are no more gregarious than spiders. Like them, they might do great things in concert, but, like them too, they usually end with devouring one another.

† See his "Peace, Ignominy, and Destruction," page 15.

Where idle Thespis nods, while Arno * dreams
Of Nereids "purling in ambrosial streams;"
Where Este in rapture cons fantastic airs,
"Old Pistol new-reviv'd" in Topham stares,
And Boswell, aping with preposterous pride
Johnson's worst frailties, rolls from side to side,
His heavy head from hour to hour erects,
Affects the fool, and is what he affects †——
JUDGES of truth and sense, yet more demand:
That art to nature lend a helping hand!

NOTES.

* Arno.—The dreams of this gentleman, which continue to make their appearance in the Oracle, under the name of Thespis, are not always of Nereids. He dreamed one night that Mr. Pope played Posthumus with less spirit than usual; and it was Mr. Johnson singing Grammachre! Another night, that the Mourning Bride might have been better cast, and lo! it was the Comedy of Errors that was played!!!

This was rather unfortunate: but the reader must have already observed, from the strange occupations of these "self-created judges" (which I have faithfully described) that, sleeping or waking, they were attentive to every thing but what passed before their eyes.

† Pauper videri Cotta vult, et est pauper!

That fables well devised, be simply told,
Correct if new, and probable if old.
When Mason leads Elfrida forth to view,
Adorn'd with virtues which she never knew,
I feel for every tear; while borne along
By the full tide of unresisted song,
I stop not to inquire if all be just,
But take her goodness, as her grief, on trust;
'Till calm reflection checks me, and I see
The heroine as she was, and ought to be,
A bold, bad woman, wading to the throne
Thro' seas of blood, and crimes till then unknown:
Then, then I hate the magic that deceived,
And blush to think how fondly I believed.*

NOTES.

* Mr. Parsons' note on this passage is—"Did you "BELIEVE! Could you possibly be so ignorant?"—Even so. But I humbly conceive Mr. Mason, who seduced my unsuspecting youth, is equally culpable with myself. There is also one William Shakspeare, who, I am ready to take my oath, is a notorious offender in this way; having led not only me, but divers others, into the most gross and ridiculous errors; making us laugh, cry, and I know not what,

Not so, when Atheling,* made in some strange plot
The hero of a day that knew him not,
Struts from the field his enemy had won,
On stately stilts, exulting and undone!
Here I can only pity, only smile;
Where not one grace, one elegance of style,

NOTES.

for persons whom we ought to have known to be mere non-entities.

But Mr. Parsons has happily obtained an obdurate and impassible head: let him, therefore, "give God "thanks, and make no boast of it." He is a wise and a wary reader, and follows the most judicious *Bottom*, who, having like himself, too much sagacity to be imposed upon by a feigned character, was laudably anxious to undeceive the world. "No," quoth he, "let him thrust his face through the lion's neck, and "say, If you think I come hither as a lion, it were "pity of my life——no, I am no such thing: I am a "man, as other men are;—and then, indeed, let him "name his name, and tell them plainly that he is "SNUG the joiner."

* Atheling.—See the "Battle of Hastings." A tragedy in which Mr. Cumberland has contrived with matchless dexterity, to introduce every absurdity of every kind.

Redeems the audacious folly of the rest,
Truth sacrific'd, and history made a jest.
Let this, Ye Cruscans,* if your heads be made
" Of penetrable stuff," let this persuade
Your husky tribes their wanderings to restrain;
Nor hope what taste and Mason fail'd to gain.
(e) Then let your style be brief, your meaning clear,
Nor, like Lorenzo,† tire the labouring ear

IMITATIONS.

(e) Est brevitate opus, ut currat sententia, neu se
Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures;
Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe jocoso.

NOTES.

* Ye Cruscans!

O voi, che della CRUSCA vi chiamate
Come quei che farina non avendo
Di QUELLA a tutto pasto vi saziate!—

† Lorenzo. ——" A lamentable tragedy by Della " Crusca, mixed full of pleasant mirth." The house laughed a-good at it; but Mr. Harris cried sadly. Here is another instance, if it were wanted, of the bad effects of prostitute applause. Could Mr. Harris, if his mind had not been previously warped by the eternal puffs of Bell and his followers, have supposed, for

With a wild waste of words; sound without sense,
And all the florid glare of impotence.
Still with your characters your language change,
From grave to gay, as nature dictates range;
Now droop in all the plaintiveness of woe,
Now in glad numbers light and airy flow;
Now shake the stage with guilt's alarming tone,
And make the aching bosom all your own;
Now——But I sing in vain; from first to last,
Your joy is fustian, and your grief bombast:
Rhetoric has banish'd reason; kings and queens
Vent in hyperboles their royal spleens;
Guardsmen in metaphors express their hopes,
And maidens in white linen howl in tropes.
(f) Reverent I greet the bards of other days;
Blest be your names! and lasting be your praise!

IMITATIONS.

(f) Illi scripta quibus comœdia prisca viris est
Hoc stabant, hoc sunt imitandi——

NOTES.

a moment, that a knack of stringing together "hoar "hills" and "ripling rills," and "red skies glare" and "thin, thin air," qualified a man for writing tragedy!

From nature's varied face ye wisely drew,
And following ages own'd the copies true.
O! had our sots, who rhyme with headlong haste,
And think reflection still a foe to taste,
But brains your pregnant scenes to understand,
And give us truth, tho' but at second hand,
'Twere something yet! But no; they never look——
Shall souls of fire, they cry, a tutor brook?
Forbid it inspiration! Thus your pain
Is void, and ye have liv'd for them in vain;
(g) In vain for Crusca, and his skipping school,
Cobbe, Reynolds, Andrews, and that Nobler Fool;
Who nought but Laura's* tinkling trash admire,
And the mad jangle of Matilda's* lyre.

IMITATIONS.

(g) —— quos neque pulcher
Hermogenes unquam legit, nec simius iste,
Nil præter Calvum doctus cantare Catullum.

NOTES.

* Laura's tinkling trash, &c.—I had amassed a world of this "tinkling trash" for the behoof of the reader; but having fortunately for him, mislaid it, and not being disposed to undertake again the drudg-

(h) But Crusca still has merit, and may claim
No humble station in the ranks of fame;

IMITATIONS.

(h) At magnum fecit, quod verbis Græca Latinis,
Miscuit.

NOTES.

ery of wading through Mr. Bell's collections, I can only offer him the little that occurs to my memory. Of this little, the merits must be shared among Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Cowley, and Mr. Merry.

"Et vos, O Lauri, carpam, et te proxima Myrte,
"Sic positæ quoniam suaves miscetis odores."

"O let me fly
"Where Greenland darkness drinks the beamy
"sky!"

"But oh! beware how thou dost fling
"Thy *hot pulse* o'er the quivering string!!!"

"Pluck from their dark and rocky bed
"The yelling demons of the deep,
"Who soaring o'er the comet's head,
"The bosom of the welkin sweep."

He taught us first the language to refine,
To crowd with beauties every sparkling line;

NOTES.

" And when the jolly full moon laughs,
" In her clear zenith to behold
" The envious stars withdraw their gleams of gold,
" 'Tis to thy health she stooping quaffs
" The sapphire cup that fairy zephyrs bring!!!"

On considering these and the preceding lines, I was tempted to indulge a wish that the Blue Stocking club would issue an immediate order to Mr. Bell to examine the cells of Bedlam. Certainly, if an accurate transcript were made from the " darken'd walls" once or twice a quarter, an ALBUM might be presented to the fashionable world, more poetical, and far more rational, than any they have lately honoured with their applause.

" Why does thy stream of *sweetest* song
" *Foam* on the mountain's murmuring side,
" Or through the vocal covert glide!

" I heard a tuneful phantom in the wind,
" I saw it watch the rising moon afar,
" Wet with the weeping of the twilight star.——

" The pilgrim who with *tearful* eye shall view
" The moon's wan lustre in the midnight dew,
" *Sooth'd* by her light.——"

Old phrases with new meanings to dispense,
Amuse the fancy, and——confound the sense: 110

NOTES.

This is an admirable reason for his crying:—but what! Un sot trouve toujours un plus sot qui l'admire. Mr. Bell is in raptures with it, and very properly recommends it to the admiration of Merry, as being the production of "a congenial soul." There is also another judicious critic, one Dr. Tasker (should it not be Dr. Trusler?) who has given a decided opinion, it seems, in favour of this lady's abilities; which may console her for the sneers of fifty such envious scribblers as the author of the Baviad.

And first you shall hear what Mrs. Robinson says of Dr. Tasker.——"The *learned* and *ingenious* Dr. "Tasker, in the third volume of his *elegant* and *criti-* "*cal* works, has PRONOUNCED some of Mrs. Robin- "son's poems superior to those of Milton on the "same subject, particularly her address to the night- "ingale! The praises of so *competent* and *disinterested* "a judge STAMPS celebrity that neither time nor "envy can obliterate!!!"

ORACLE, Dec. 10.

Next you shall hear what Dr. Tasker says of Mrs. Robinson.

"In ancient Greece by two fair forms were seen
"Wisdom's stern goddess, and Love's smiling queen;

(i) O, void of reason! Is it thus you praise
A linsey-woolsey song, fram'd with such ease,

IMITATIONS.

(i) ——— O seri studiorum! quine putetis
Difficile et mirum, RHODIO quod PITHOLEONTI
Contigit.

NOTES.

"Pallas presided over arms and arts,
"And Venus over gentle virgins' hearts,
"But now both powers in one fair form combine,
"And in fam'd Robinson united shine."

"This lady, equally celebrated in the polite and "literary circles, has honoured Mr."——Lo! the Dr. is dwindled into plain Mr.—— "has honoured Mr. "Tasker's poetical and other productions with high "and distinguished marks of her approbation!"

EXETER PAPER, Jan. 16.

Why this is the very song of Prodicus η χειρ την χειρα νιζει——for the rest, I trust my readers will readily subscribe to the praises these most "compe-"tent and disinterested judges" have reciprocally lavished on each other.

Such vacancy of thought, that every line
Might tempt e'en VAUGHAN to whisper, "THIS is
"mine!"

NOTES.

But allons,

"—— My hand at night's fell noon
"Plucks from the tresses of the moon
"A sparkling crown of silv'ry hue,
"Besprent with studs of frozen dew!

"On the dizzy *height* inclin'd
"I *listen* to the passing *wind*,
"That loves my *mournful song* to seize,
"And bears it to the *mountain breeze*."

Here we find that listening to the wind, and singing to it are one and the same thing; and that—but I can make nothing of the rest.

"When in black obtrusive clouds
"The chilly moon her pale cheek shrouds,
"I mark the twinkling starry train
"Exulting glitter in her wane,
"And proudly gleam their borrow'd light
"To gem the sombre dome of night."

What an admirable observer of nature is this great poetess! The star *twinkling* in a cloudy night, and *gleaming* its BORROWED lustre is superlative. I had

VAUGHAN! well remember'd. He good man complains
That I affix'd his name to Edwin's * strains:"

NOTES.

almost forgot to observe that these, and the preceding lines, are taken from the Ode to the Nightingale; so superior, in the reverend judgment of Dr. Tasker, to one of a Mr. John Milton on the same subject.

" —— the lightning's rays
" Leap through the night's scarce pervious gloom,
" Attracted by—— (what, for a ducat?)
" Attracted by the rose's bloom!!!"

" Let but thy lyre impatient seize
" Departing twilight's filmy breeze,
" That winds the inchanting chords among
" In lingering labyrinths of song.——"

" See in the clouds its mast the proud bark laves,
" Scorning the aid of ocean's humble waves!"

From this it appears that Mrs. Cowley fancies proud barks float on their masts. It is proper to mention that the vessel takes such extraordinary state on herself, because she carries Della Crusca!

" ——— from a young grove's shade
" Whose infant boughs but mock the expecting
" glade!!!

'Tis just—for what three kindred souls have done,
Is most unfairly charg'd, I ween, on one.
Pardon, my learned friend! With wat'ry eyes
Thy growing fame to truth I sacrifice;
To many a sonnet call thy claims in doubt,
And "at one entrance shut thy glory out."

NOTES.

"Sweet sounds stole forth, upborne upon the gale,"
"Press'd thro' the air, and broke upon the vale;"
"Then silent walk'd the breezes of the plain,"
"Or soar'd aloft, and seiz'd the hovering strain.—"

DELLA CRUSCA.

The force of folly can no farther go!

* Edwin's strains.—If the reader will turn to the conclusion of the Baviad, he will find a delicious Επιταφιον on a tame mouse, by this learned gentleman. As it seemed to give universal satisfaction, I embrace with pleasure the opportunity of laying before him another effusion of the same exquisite pen.

It will be found, I flatter myself, not less beautiful than the former, and will serve admirably to prove that the author, though ostensibly devoted to Elegy, can, on a proper occasion, assume an air of gaiety, and be "profound" with ease, and instructive with elegance.

Yet MEWL thou still. Shall my lord's dormouse die,
And low in dust without a requiem lie!
No, MEWL thou still: and while thy d——'s join,
Their melancholy symphonies to thine,

NOTES.

Εδουιν προλογιζει.

"On the circumstance of a mastiff's running furi-
"ously, sad dog! towards two young ladies, and upon
"coming up to them, becoming instantly gentle, good
"dog! and tractable."

Tantum ad narrandum argumentum est benignitas.

"When Orpheus took his *lyre* to hell,
"To fetch his rib away,
"On that same thing he pleas'd so well,
"That devils learn'd to play.

"Besides in books it may be read,
"That whilst he swept the *lute*
"Grim Cerb'rus hung his savage head,
"And lay astoundly mute.

"But here we can with justice say
"That nature rivals art,
"He *sang* a mastiff's rage away,
"You look'd one thro' the heart."

Fecit EDWIN.

My righteous verse shall labour to restore
The well-earn'd fame it robb'd them of before.
EDWIN, whatever elegies of woe
Drop from the gentle mouths of Vaughan and Co.
To this or that, henceforth no more confin'd,
Shall, like a surname, take in all the kind.
Right! cry the brethren. When the heaven-born muse
Shames her descent, and for low earthly views,
Hums o'er a beetle's bier the doleful stave,
Or sits chief mourner at a May-bug's grave,
Satire should scourge her from the vile employ,
And bring her back to friendship, love, and joy.
But spare CESARIO, (1) CARLOS, (2) ADELAIDE, (3)
The truest poetess! the truest maid!

NOTES.

(1) Cesario.—In the Baviad (p. 45) there are a few stanzas of a most delectable ode to an owl. They were ascribed to Arno: nor was I conscious of any mistake, 'till I received a polite note from that gentleman, assuring me that he was not only not the author of them; but (horresco referens) that he thought them "execrable." Mr. Bell, on the other hand, affirms them to be "admirable."

LORENZO,(4) REUBEN,(5) spare: far be the thought
Of interest, far from them. Unbribed, unbought,

NOTES.

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

Be this as it may, I am happy to say that I have discovered the true author. They were written by Cesario; and as I rather incline to Mr. Bell, pace Arnô dixerim, I shall make no scruple of laying the remainder of this "mellifluous piece" before my reader.

"Slighted love the *soul* subduing,
"*Silent* sorrow *chills* the *heart*,
"*Treach'rous* fancy still *pursuing*,
"Still *repels* the *poisoned* dart.

"*Soothing* those fond *dreams* of pleasure
"*Pictur'd* in the *glowing* breast,
"*Lavish* of her sweetest *treasure*,
"Anxious *fear* is *charm'd* to *rest*.——

"Fearless o'er the whiten'd *billows*,
"*Proudly* rise, sweet bird of night,
"*Safely* through the bending *willows*
"*Gently* wing thy *aery* flight."

"CESARIO."

They pour * * from their big breast's prolific zone,
'A proud, poetic fervour, only known

NOTES.

Though I flatter myself I have good sense and taste enough to see, and admire the peculiar beauties of this ode, yet a regard for truth obliges me to declare they are not original. They are taken (with improvements, I confess) from a most beautiful "Song by a "person of quality" in Pope's Miscellanies. This, though it detracts a little from Cesario's inventive powers, still leaves him the praise (no mean one) of having gone beyond that great poet, in what he probably considered as the ne plus ultra of ingenuity.

Venimus ad summum fortunæ! Mr. Greathead equals Shakspeare, Mrs. Robinson surpasses Milton, and Cesario outdoes Pope in that very performance, which he vainly imagined so complete as to take away all desire of imitating, all possibility of excelling it!

"O favoured clime! O happy age!"

(2) Carlos.—I have nothing of this gentleman (a most pertinacious scribbler in the Oracle) but the following "Sonnet:" luckily, however, it is so ineffably stupid, that it will more than satisfy any reader but Mr. Bell's.

'To souls like theirs'; as Anna's youth inspires,
As Laura's graces kindle fierce desires,

NOTES.

"*ON A LADY'S PORTRAIT.*

"Oft hath the poet hailed the breath of morn,
"That wakens nature with the voice of spring,
"And oft, when purple summer feeds the lawn,
"Hath fancy touched him with her procreant
"wing.
"Full frequent has he bless'd the golden beam
"Which yellow autumn glowing spreads around,
"And tho' pale winter press'd a paly gleam,
"Fresh in his breast was young description
"found——"

I can copy no more—Job himself would lose all patience here. Instead, therefore, of the remainder of this incomprehensible trash, I will give the reader a string of judicious observations by Mr. T. Vaughan. "Bruyere says, he will allow that good writers are "scarce enough, but adds, and justly, that good "critics are equally so: which *reminds our correspon-* "*dent* also of what the Abbé Trublet *writes, speaking* "of professed critics, where he *says*, if they were "obliged to examine authors impartially——there "would be fewer writers in *this way*. Was this to be "the liberal practice adopted by our modern critics,

As Henriet——For heaven's sake! not so fast.
(k) I too, my masters, ere my teeth were cast,

IMITATIONS.

(k) Atqui Ego cum græcos facerem, natus mare citra,

NOTES.

"we should not see a BAVIAD—(Oons! who is this "BAVIAD!)—falling upon men and things, that are "much above his capacity, and seemingly for no other "reason than because they are so."

A Daniel come to judgment, yea, a Daniel! This is in truth the reason; and when Mr. Vaughan and his coadjutors will condescend to humble themselves to my understanding, I will endeavour to profit by their eloquent strictures.

(3) Adelaide.—And who is Adelaide? O seri studiorum! "Not to know her argues yourselves un-"known." Hear Mr. Bell, the Longinus of Newspaper writers.

ADELAIDE.

"HE who is here addressed by the first lyric writer "in the kingdom, must himself endeavour to repay a "debt so highly honourable, if it can be done by "verse! This Lady shall have the praise, which ought

Had learn'd, by rote, to rave of Delia's charms,
To die of transports found in Chloe's arms,

IMITATIONS.

Versiculos, vetuit tali me voce Quirinus
Post mediam visus noctem, cum somnia vera.

NOTES.

" to be given by the COUNTRY!!! that of first disco-
" vering, and drawing out the *fine powers* of Arno and
" Della Crusca!"

" O thou whom late I watch'd while o'er thee hung
" The orb, whose glories I so oft have sung,
" Beheld thee while a *shower of beam*
" Made night a lovelier morning seem," &c.

We might here dismiss this " first lyric writer of " the age," who, from her flippant nonsense, appears to be Mrs. Piozzi; were it not for the sake of re- " marking, that whatever be the merit of " drawing " out the fine powers of Arno " (which, it seems, this ungrateful country has not yet rewarded with a statue) she must be content to share it with Julia. Hear her Invocation—but first hear Mr. Bell. " A most " elegant compliment, which for generous esteem " has been seldom equalled, any more than the muse " which inspired it."

Coy Daphne with obstreperous plaints to woo,
And curse the cruelty of —— God knows who.

NOTES.

"*JULIA TO ARNO.*

" Arno! where steals thy dulcet lay,
" Soft as the evening's minstrel note,
" Say, does it deck the rising day,
" Or on the noon-tide breezes float!!!"

Mrs. Robinson (for we may as well drop the name of Julia) has been guilty of a trifling larceny here; having taken from the Baviad, without any acknowledgment, a delicious couplet, which I flattered myself would never have been seen out of that poem—— but so it is, that, like Pope,

——— write whate'er I will,
Some rising genius SINS up to it still.

This has nettled me a little, and possibly injured the great poetess in my opinion; for I have been robbed so often of late, that I begin to think with the old economist,

Ουτω ποιδων λωιτω ος εξ εμευ οισεται ωδην.

For the rest, this "Invocation" called forth a specimen of Arno's fine powers in the following *dulcet* lays.

When Phœbus, (not the Power that bade thee write,
For he, dear Dapper! was a lying sprite)

NOTES.

"*ARNO TO JULIA.*

"Sure some dire star inimical to man
"Guides to his heart the desolating fire,
"Fills with contention only his brief span,
"And rouzes him to murderous desire.

"There are who sagely scan the tortur'd world,
"And tell us war is but necessity,
"That millions by the great dispenser hurl'd,
"Must suffer by the scourge, and cease to be."

Euge Poeta!

(4) Lorenzo.

Και πως εγω Σθενελε φαγοιμ' αν ρημα τι
Εις οξος εμβαπτομενον, η λευκης αλας——

Says a hungry wight in an old comedy. But I know of no seasoning, whatever, capable of making the insipid garbage of this modern Sthenelus palatable, even to the voracious appetite of the Blue Stocking Club: I shall therefore spare myself the disgust of producing it.

(5) Reuben, whom I take to be Mr. Greathead in disguise, (it being this gentleman's fate, like Hercules

One morn, when dreams are true, approach'd my side,
And, frowning on my tuneful lumber, cried,

NOTES.

of old, to assume the merit of all unappropriated prodigies) Reuben introduced himself to the WORLD by the following

"*ADDRESS TO ANNA MATILDA.*

"To thee, a stranger dares address his theme,
"To thee, proud mistress of Apollo's lyre,
"One ray emitted from thy golden gleam,
"Prompted by love would set the world on fire!
"Adorn then love in fancy-tinctur'd vest,
"Camelion like, anon of various hue,
"By Penseroso, and Allegro drest,
"Such genius claim'd when she Idalia drew."—

Anna Matilda, what could she less! found,
——— this resuscitating praise
Breathe life upon her dying lays,

Like "the daisy which spreads her bloom to the moist "evening!!!" and accordingly produced a matchless "adornment of love," to the great contentment of the gentle Reuben.

"But bard polite, (quoth she) how hard the task
"Which with *such elegance* you ask!"

"Lo! every corner with soft sonnets crammed,"
And high-born odes, "works damn'd, or to be
"damned:"

NOTES.

Who could have thought these lines, the simple tribute of gratitude to genius, would have nearly occasioned "a perdition of souls!" Yet so it was. They unfortunately rouzed the jealousy of Della Crusca "on the sportive banks of the Rhone."—One luckless evening,

"When twilight on the western edge
"Had twined his hoary hair with sabling sedge,"

as he was "weeping" (for, like Master Stephen, these good creatures think it necessary to be always melancholy) at the tomb of Laura, he started, as well he might, at the accursed name of Reuben.

"Hark! (quoth he)
"What cruel sounds are these
"Which float upon the languid breeze,
"Which fill my soul with jealous fear!
"Hah! REUBEN is the name I hear.
"For him my *faithless* Anna," &c.

It is with no small regret I add, that the cold-blooded Bell has destroyed this beautiful fancy-scene with one stroke of his clownish pen. In a note on the

(l) And is THY active folly adding more
To this most worthless, most superfluous store?
O impotence of toil! thou mightest as well
Give sense to Este, or modesty to Bell.

IMITATIONS.

(l) In sylvam non ligna feras insaniùs, ac si
Magnas Græcorum malis implere catervas——

NOTES.

above lines (Album, p. 134) he officiously informs us that Della Crusca knew "nothing of his rival, till he "READ" detested word! "his sonnet in the Oracle." O Bell! Bell! Is it thus thou humblest the strains of the sublime! Surely we may say of thee what was not ill said of one of thy sisters,

Sed tu insulsa male et molesta vives,
Per quam non licet esse negligentem.

* They pour, &c.

"——— I love so well
"Thy soul's deep tone, thy thought's high swell,
"Thy proud poetic fervour known,
"But in thy breast's prolific zone."

DELL. CRUS.

Forbear, forbear: what tho' thou canst not claim
The sacred honours of a POET's name,
Due to the few alone, whom I inspire
With lofty rapture, with ethereal fire!
Yet mayst thou arrogate the humble praise
Of reason's bard, if, in thy future lays,
Plain sense, and truth, (and surely these are thine)
Correct thy wanderings, and thy flights confine." 170
Here ceased the God and vanished. Forth I sprang
While in my ear the voice divine yet rang;
Seized every rag and scrap, approached the fire,
And saw whole ALBUMS in the blaze expire.
Then shame ensued, and vain regret, to have spent
So many hours (hours which I yet lament,) 176
In thriftless industry; and year on year
Inglorious rolled, while diffidence, and fear,
Represt my voice——unheard till ANNA came, 179
What! throb'st thou YET, my bosom, at the name?
And chased the oppressive doubts that round me clung,
And fired my breast, and loosened all my tongue.
E'en then (admire, John Bell! my simple ways)
No heaven, and hell, danced madly thro' my lays,
No oaths, no execrations; all was plain: 185
Yet, trust me, while thy "ever jingling train"

Chime their sonorous woes with frigid art,
And shock the reason, and revolt the heart;
My hopes, and fears, in nature's language drest,
Awakened love in many a gentle breast.

How oft, O DART! what time the faithful pair
Walked forth, the fragrant hour of eve to share,
On thy romantic banks; have my wild strains,*
(Not yet forgot amidst my native plains)

NOTES.

* Mr. Parsons is extremely angry at my "ostenta-"tious intrusion" of the "Otium Divos" into the notes on this poem. What could I do? I ever disliked publishing my little modicums on loose pages—but I shall grow wiser by his example; and, indeed, am even now composing "one Riddle, two Rebusses, and "an Acrostic to a child at nurse," † which will be set forth with all convenient speed. Meanwhile I am tempted to offend once more, and subjoin the only two of my "wild strains" that now live in my recollection. I can assure Mr. P. they were written on the occasions they profess to be—and the last of them at a time when I had no idea of surviving to provoke his indignation:

† See "ONE Epigram, TWO Sonnets, and ONE Ode to "a Boy at School, by W. Parsons, Esq."

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While THOU hast sweetly gurgled down the vale,
Filled up the pause of love's delightful tale!

NOTES.

——— sed Cynaræ breves
Annos fata dederunt, me
Servatura diu.

TO A TUFT OF EARLY VIOLETS.

" Sweet flowers! that from your humble beds
" Thus prematurely dare to rise,
" And trust your unprotected heads
" To cold Aquarius' wat'ry skies;

" Retire, retire! THESE tepid airs
" Are not the genial brood of May;
" THAT sun with light malignant glares,
" And flatters only to betray.

" Stern Winter's reign is not yet past——
" Lo! while your buds prepare to blow,
" On icy pinions comes the blast,
" And nips your root, and lays you low.

" Alas, for such ungentle doom!
" But I will shield you; and supply
" A kindlier soil on which to bloom,
" A nobler bed on which to die.

While, ever as she read, the conscious maid,
By faultering voice, and downcast looks betray'd,

NOTES.

" Come then—ere yet the morning ray
" Has drunk the dew that gems your crest,
" And drawn your balmiest sweets away;
" O come, and grace my ANNA's breast.

" Ye droop, fond flowers! But, did ye know
" What worth, what goodness there reside,
" Your cups with liveliest tints would glow,
" And spread their leaves with conscious pride.

" For there has liberal Nature join'd
" Her riches to the stores of Art,
" And added to the vigorous mind,
" The soft, the sympathizing heart.

" Come then—ere yet the morning ray
" Has drunk the dew that gems your crest,
" And drawn your balmiest sweets away;
" O come, and grace my ANNA's breast.

" O! I should think,—that fragrant bed
" Might I but hope with you to share,—
" Years of anxiety repaid,
" By one short hour of transport there.

Would blushing on her lover's neck recline,
And with her finger—point the tenderest line.

NOTES.

" More blest than me, thus shall ye live
" Your little day; and when ye die,
" Sweet flowers! the grateful muse shall give
" A verse; the sorrowing maid, a sigh.

" While I alas! no distant date,
" Mix with the dust from whence I came,
" Without a friend to weep my fate,
" Without a stone to tell my name."

WRITTEN TWO YEARS AFTER THE PRECEDING.

" I wish I was where ANNA lies;
" For I am sick of lingering here:
" And every hour Affection cries,
" Go, and partake her humble bier.

" I wish I could! For when she died
" I lost my all; and life has prov'd
" Since that sad hour a dreary void,
" A waste unlovely, and unlov'd.—

" But who, when I am turn'd to clay,
" Shall duly to her grave repair,
" And pluck the ragged moss away,
" And weeds that have 'no business there?'

But these are past: and, mark me, Laura! Time
That made what then was venial, now a crime,

NOTES.

" And who with pious hand shall bring
" The flowers she cherish'd, snow-drops cold,
" And violets that unheeded spring,
" To scatter o'er her hallow'd mold?

" And who, while memory loves to dwell
" Upon her name for ever dear,
" Shall feel his heart with passion swell,
" And pour the bitter, bitter tear?

" I DID IT; and would fate allow,
" Should visit still, should still deplore—
" But health and strength have left me now,
" And I alas! can weep no more.

" Take then, sweet maid! this simple strain,
" The last I offer at thy shrine;
" Thy grave must then undeck'd remain,
" And all thy memory fade with mine.

" And can thy soft persuasive look,
" Thy voice that might with music vie,
" Thy air, that every gazer took,
" Thy matchless eloquence of eye,

To more befitting cares my thoughts confined,
And drove with youth, its follies from my mind.
(m) Since then, while Merry, and his nurselings die,
Thrill'd* by the liquid peril of an eye; 206

IMITATIONS.

(m) Turgidus Alpinus jugulat dum Memnona, dumque
Diffingit Rheni luteum caput, hæc ego ludo,
Quæ nec in æde sonent certantia, judice Tarpâ.

NOTES.

"Thy spirits, frolicksome, as good,
"Thy courage, by no ills dismay'd,
"Thy patience by no wrongs subdu'd,
"Thy gay good-humour—Can they 'fade!'

"Perhaps—but sorrow dims my eye:
"Cold turf, which I no more must view,
"Dear name, which I no more must sigh,
"A long, a last, a sad adieu!"

* Thrill'd &c.—

"Bid the streamy lightnings fly,
"In liquid peril from thy eye."

DELL. CRUS.

Gasp at a recollection, and drop down
At the long streamy lightning of a frown;
I sooth, as humour prompts, my idle vein
In frolick verse, that cannot hope to gain
Admission to the Album, nor be seen
In L——'s Review, or Urban's Magazine.

O, for thy spirit, Pope! Yet why? My lays,
That wake no envy, and invite no praise,
Half-creeping, and half-flying, yet suffice
To stagger impudence, and ruffle vice.
An hour may come, so I delight to dream,
When slowly wandering by thy sacred stream,
Majestic Thames! I leave the world behind,
And give to fancy all th' enraptur'd mind.
An hour may come, when I shall strike the lyre
To nobler themes: then, then, the chords inspire
With thy own harmony, most sweet, most strong,
And guide my hand thro' all the maze of song!

NOTES.

" Ne'er shalt thou know to sigh,
" Or on a soft idea die,
" Ne'er on a recollection grasp,
" Thy arms——Ohe! jam satis est."

ANNA MAT.

Till then, enough for me, in such rude strains
As mother wit can give, and those small pains
A vacant hour allows; to range the town,
And hunt the clamorous brood of Folly down;
Force every head, in Este's despite, to wear
The cap and bells, by nature planted there,
Muffle the rattle, seize the slavering sholes,
And drive them, scourged and whimpering, to their holes.

Burgoyne,* perhaps, *(n)* unchill'd by creeping age,
May yet arise, and vindicate the stage;
The reign of nature and of sense restore,
And be whatever Terence was before.
And you, too, whole Menander! who combine
With his pure language, and his flowing line,

IMITATIONS.

(n) Arguta meretrice potes, Davoque Chremeta
Eludente senem, comis garrire libellos
Unus vivorum, Fundani.——

NOTES.

* Burgoyne.—See the note on v. 21.

The SOUL of Comedy; may steal an hour
From the fond chace of still-escaping power,
The poet and the sage again unite,
And sweetly blend instruction with delight.
(o) And yet Elfrida's bard, tho' time has shed
The snow of age too deep around his head;
Feels the kind warmth, the fervour, that inspired
His youthful breast, still glow unchecked, untired:
And yet, tho' like the bird of eve, his song
"Fit audience finds" not in the giddy throng;
The notes, tho' artful wild, tho' numerous chaste,
Fill with delight the sober ear of taste.
But these, and more I could with honour name,
Too proud to stoop, like me, to vulgar game,
Subjects more worthy of their daring chuse,
And leave at large the abortions of the muse.
Proud of their privilege, the innumerous spawn,
From bogs and fens, the mire of Pindus drawn,
New vigour feel, new confidence assume,
And swarm like Pharaoh's frogs in every room.

IMITATIONS.

(o) ——— molle atque facetum
Virgilio annuerunt gaudentes rure Camenæ.

Sick of th' eternal croak which, ever near,
Beat like the death-watch on my tortured ear;
And sure, too sure, that many a genuine child
Of truth and nature, checked his wood-notes wild,*
Dear to the feeling heart——in doubt to win
The vacant wanderer, midst th' unceasing din
Of this hoarse rout; I seized at length the wand;
Resolved, tho' small my skill, tho' weak my hand,

NOTES.

* Checked his wood-notes wild.—Σιωπησαντων χολοιων, ασονται κυκνοι. But this is better illustrated in a most elegant fable of Lessing's, to which I despair of doing justice in a translation.

"Du zürnest, Liebling der Musen," &c. &c.

Thou art troubled, darling of the Muses, thou art troubled at the clamorous swarms of insects which infest Parnassus. O hear from me what once the nightingale heard from the shepherd.

Sing then, said he to the silent songstress, one lovely evening in the spring, sing then, sweet nightingale! Alas! said the nightingale, the frogs croak so loud, that I have lost all desire to sing: dost thou not hear them? I do, indeed, replied the shepherd—but thy silence alone is the cause of it.

"There's comfort yet!"

The mischief in its progress to arrest,
And exorcise the soil of such a pest.
HENCE! IN THE NAME——I scarce had spoke, when lo!
Reams of outrageous sonnets,* thick as snow,

NOTES.

* Reams of outrageous sonnets.—Of these I have collected a very reasonable quantity, which I purpose to prefix to some future edition of the Mæviad, under the true classic head of

INSIGNIUM VIRORUM
ALIQUOT TESTIMONIA
QUI
BAV: ET MÆV: INCLYTISS: AUCTORIS
MEMINERUNT.

Meanwhile I shall present the reader with the two first that occur, as a specimen of the collection.

SONNET I.

"To the anonymous author of the Baviad, occa-
"sioned by his scurrilous, and most unmerited attack
"on Mr. Weston.

"DEMON OF DARKNESS! whosoe'er thou art,
"That dar'st assume the brighter angel's form,
"And o'er the peaceful vale impel the storm,
"With many a sigh to rend the *honest* heart,

Flew round my head; yet, in my cause secure,
"Pour on," I cried, "pour on, I will endure."—

NOTES.

"Force from th' *unconscious* eye the tear to start,
"And with just *pride* th' indignant bosom warm;
"Avaunt! to where unnumber'd spirits swarm,
"Foul and malignant as thyself, depart.
"Genius of Pope descend, ye servile crew
"Of imitators vile, intrude not!!! I appeal
"To thee, and thee alone from outrage base,
"Tell me tho' fair the forms his fancy drew,
"Should'st thou the secrets of his heart reveal,
"Would fame his memory crown, or cover with
"disgrace."

J. M.

GENT. MAG. Aug. 1792.

This poor driveller, who is stupid enough to be Weston's admirer, and malignant enough to be his friend, I take to be one Morley;* whom I now and

* I was right. Mr. Morley, who I understand is a clergyman, and who, like Mr. Parsons, exults in the idea of having first attacked me, has since published a "TALE," the wit, or rather dullness of which, if I recollect right, consists in my being disappointed of a Living!

Here follow a few of the introductory lines, which for

What! shall I shrink, because the noble train
Whose judgement I impugn, whose taste, arraign,

NOTES.

then observe in the Gent. Mag. ushering his great prototype's doggrel into notice, with an importance truly worthy of it.

---

poetry and pleasantry can only be exceeded by those of Mr. Parsons'.

" What if a little once I did abuse thee?
" Worse than thou hadst deserved I could not use thee.
" For when I spied thy Satyr's cloven foot,
" 'Tis very true, I took thee for a brute;
" And marking more attentively thy manners,
" I since have wished thy hide were at the tanner's.
" But if a man thou art, as some suppose,
" Oh! how my fingers itch to pull thy nose!
" As pleased as Punch, I'd hold it in my gripe,
" Till Parkinson had stuffed thee for a snipe!!!"

It is rather singular that this still-born lump of insipidity should be introduced to the Bookseller under the auspices of Doctor Parr. If that respectable name was not abused on the occasion, I can only say that politics, like misery, "bring a man acquainted with strange bedfellows!"

For the rest, I will present Mr. Morley with a couple of lines, which, if he will get construed, and seriously reflect upon, before he next puts pen to paper, may be of more

Alive, and trembling for their favourite's fate,
Pursue my verse with unrelenting hate!

NOTES.

SONNET II.

"TO THE EXECRABLE BAVIAD.

"MONSTER OF TURPITUDE! who seem'st inclined
"Through me to pierce with thy *impregnate* dart,
"The *fine-spun* NERVE of each *full bosom'd* mind,*
"And rock in *apathy*—the SENSIVE heart,

---

service to him, than all the instruction, and all the encouragement, the Doctor, apparently, ever gave him:

Cur ego laborem notus esse tam pravé
Cum stare gratis cum silentio possim!

I find from a letter which my publisher has received from Dr. Parr, that this note (which I have left in its original state) has given him some slight degree of uneasiness.

It is satisfactory to me to reflect that this uneasiness is founded on a misapprehension. When I remarked on the "singularity of Mr. Morley's 'TALE' being introduced "under the auspices of Dr. Parr," I merely alluded to a conversation which Mr. Morley himself was said to have had with his Bookseller—and I then suspected (what I now

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* Quere full-bottom'd. PRINTER'S DEVIL.

No:——save me from their PRAISE, and I can sit
Calm, unconcern'd, the butt of Andrews' wit,

NOTES.

" TREMBLE! for lo! MY ORACLE——*so fam'd*
" Shall RING each morn in thy ACCURSED ear
" A *griding* pang! so—when the GRECIAN MARE*
" Enter'd the *town*, old Pyramus exclaim'd

---

* Grecian MARE.—This has been *hitherto*, inaccurately enough, named the Trojan HORSE; and, indeed, I myself had nearly fallen into the unscholarlike error, when my learned friend Greathead convinced me (from Pope's emendations of Virgil, under the fantastic name of Scriblerius) that the animal in question was a MARE——She being *there* said to be fœta armis, armed with a fœtus. Let us hear no more, therefore, of the Trojan HORSE.

The patronymick TROJAN is still more absurd. Homer expressly declares the Mare to have been produced by Pallas—Palladis arte: now Pallas was a GRECIAN Goddess, as is sufficiently manifest from her name, which is derived from Παλλω vibro.

J. BELL.

---

find, from the Doctor's letter, to be the case) that that respectable name (Dr. Parr's) was abused, *i. e.* introduced upon the occasion, " without his consent, or even know-
" ledge."

And Topham's sense; perversely gay, can smile
While Este, the zany, in his motley style,

NOTES.

" I see! I see!——and *hurl'd* his LIGHTNING spear
" While Capaneus drew back HIS head—for fear,

If my words conveyed the idea (which I now apprehend they may) that Dr. Parr himself had recommended the " Tale," it was far from my intention; and I am sorry for it. Indeed, I am sorry that his name was mentioned at all in the Mæviad. It is totally out of its place; and I can only regret, that a juster estimation both of Doctor Parr and of Mr. Morley, had not changed my " suspicion " of the latter into certainty, and induced me to attribute his recommendatory story to vanity, and something else not altogether so venial.

In conclusion: though Dr. Parr gives up Mr. Morley's poetry, yet he seems to think I have undervalued his other attainments—" his Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and his vigo-" rous and elegant prose."—Of all these I knew nothing. When " there is no occasion for such vanity, I doubt not " but Mr. Morley will take care to let them appear:" meanwhile, I must be content to judge him from what I know—his Sonnets and his Tale. It is but fair to add however, that the sound and salutary advice Dr. Parr gave this poor addle-headed man (to say nothing of the tenderness with which he speaks of him) does no less honour to his friendship, than the reprobation of his poetry does to his taste.

(p) Calls barbarous names; while Bell and Boaden rave,
And Vaughan, a brother blockhead's verse to save,

IMITATIONS.

(p) Men' moveat cimex Pantilius? aut crucier, quod
Vellicet absentem Demetrius? aut quod ineptus
Fannius Hermoginis lædat conviva Tigelli?

NOTES.

" And *godlike** Alexander——gazing round,
" Unconscious of his victories—TO COME,
" Approach'd the monarch, and with *sobs* profound
" Explain'd th' *impending* wrath o'er Ilium's royal
" dome."

J. BELL.

---

* Godlike; that is, θεοειδης, from θεο, God, and ειδης, like. (Vide Hom.) Translators in general (I except a late one) are too inattentive to the compound epithets of this great poet. But why does Homer call Alexander Godlike, when he appears from Curtius Quintiuses tedious gazette in verse, to have had one shoulder higher than the other? My friend Vaughan thinks it was purely to pay his court to him, in hopes of getting into his Will, or rather *into his* MISTRESSES. It may be so; but 'tis strange the absurdity was never noticed before.

J. BELL.

Toils day by day my character to draw,
And heaps upon me every thing—but law.
But do I then, (abjuring every aim)
All censure slight, and all applause disclaim?
Not so: where judgment holds the rod, I bow
My humbled neck, awed by her angry brow;
Where taste and sense approve, I feel a joy
Dear to my heart, and mixed with no alloy.
I write not to the modish herd: my days,
Spent in the tranquil shades of letter'd ease,
Ask no admiring stare from those I meet,
No loud "that's HE!" to make their passage sweet.
Pleased to steal softly by, unmarked, unknown,
I leave the world to Holcroft, Pratt,* and Vaughan.

NOTES.

* PRATT. This gentleman lately put in practice a very notable scheme. Having scribbled himself fairly out of notice, he found it expedient to retire to the continent for a few months—to provoke the inquiries of Mr. Lane's indefatigable readers.

Mark the ingratitude of the creatures! No inquiries were made, and Mr. Pratt was forgotten before he had crossed the channel. Ibi omnis effusus labor.—But what!

Of these enough. Yet may the few I love,
For who would sing in vain! *(q)* my verse approve;
Chief thou, my friend! who, from my earliest years,
Hast shared my joys, and more than shared my cares.

IMITATIONS.

(q) —— probat hæc Octavius, optimus atque
Fuscus: et hæc utinam Viscorum laudet uterque!

NOTES.

The mouse that is content with one poor hole,
Can never be a mouse of any soul.

Baffled in this expedient, he had recourse to another, and, while we were dreaming of nothing less, came before us in the following paragraph.

"A few days since died, at Basle in Swisserland, "the ingenious Mr. Pratt. His loss will be severely "felt by the literary world; as he joined to the ac- "complishments of the gentleman the erudition of the "scholar."

This was inserted in the London papers for several days successively. The country papers too "yelled "out like syllables of dolour." At length, while our eyes were yet wet for the irreparable loss we had sustained, came a second paragraph:

"As no event of late has caused a more general

Sure, if our fates hang on some hidden Power,
And take their colour from the natal hour,
Then, IRELAND! * the same planet on us rose;
Such the strong sympathies our lives disclose!
Thou knowest how soon we felt this influence bland,
And sought the brook, and coppice, hand in hand,

NOTES.

"sorrow than the supposed death of the ingenious "Mr. Pratt; we are happy to have it in our power "to assure his numerous admirers, that he is as well "as they can wish, and (what they will be delighted "to hear) busied in preparing his TRAVELS for the "press."

"Laud we the Gods!"

* Here, on account of its connection with the person mentioned in the text, I shall take the liberty—extremum hunc mihi concede—of inserting the following "Imitation," addressed to him several years since. It was never printed: nor, as far as I know, seen by any but himself: and I transcribe it for the press, with mingled sensations of gratitude and delight, at the favourable change of circumstances we have BOTH experienced since it was written.

And shaped rude bows, and uncouth whistles blew,
And paper kites (a last, great effort,) flew;

NOTES.

TO THE

*REV. JOHN IRELAND.**

IMITATION OF HORACE.

LIB. II. ODE 16.

Otium Divos rogat, &c.

"When howling winds, and low'ring skies,
"The light, untimber'd bark surprise
"Near Orkney's boisterous seas;
"The trembling crew forget to swear,
"And bend the knees, unused to prayer,
"To ask a little ease.

"For ease the Turk, ferocious, prays,
"For ease the barbarous Russe—— for ease,
"Which P——k could ne'er obtain;
"Which Bedford lack'd amidst his store,
"And liberal Clive, with mines of ore,
"Oft bade for—but in vain.

---

* Now Vicar of Croydon in Surry, Author of "*Vindiciae Regiae*," and "*Discourses on the Rejection of the Gospel by the Ancient Jews and Greeks.*"

And when the day was done, retired to rest,
Sleep on our eyes, and sunshine in our breast.

NOTES.

" For not the liveried troop that wait
" Around the mansions of the great,
" Can keep, my friend, aloof;
" Fear, that attacks the mind by fits,
" And Care, that like a raven flits
" Around the lordly roof.

" 'O, well is he' to whom kind heaven
" A decent competence has given!
" Rich in the blessing sent;
" He grasps not anxiously at more,
" Dreads not to use his little store,
" And fattens on content.

" 'O well is he!' for life is lost,
" Amidst a whirl of passions tost;
" Then why, dear Jack, should man,
" Magnanimous Ephemera! stretch
" His views beyond the narrow reach
" Of his contracted span!

" Why should he from his country run,
" In hopes, beneath a foreign sun,

In riper years, again together thrown,
Our studies, as our sports before, were one.

NOTES.

" Serener hours to find?
" Was never man in this wild chace,
" Who changed his nature with his place,
" And left himself behind.

" For, winged with all the lightning's speed,
" Care climbs the bark, Care mounts the steed,
" An inmate of the breast:
" Nor Barca's heat, nor Zembla's cold,
" Can drive from that pernicious hold,
" The too tenacious guest.

" They, whom no anxious thoughts annoy,
" Grateful, the *present* hour enjoy,
" Nor seek the *next* to know;
" To lighten every ill they strive,
" Nor, ere Misfortune's hand arrive,
" Anticipate the blow.

" Something must ever be amiss——
" Man has HIS JOYS; but perfect bliss
" Lives only in the brain:
" We cannot all have all we want;
" And Chance, unasked, to THIS may grant
" What THAT has begg'd in vain.

Together we explored the stoic page
Of the Ligurian, stern tho' beardless sage!

NOTES.

" WOLFE rush'd on death in manhood's bloom,
" PAULET crept slowly to the tomb;
" *Here* breath, *there* fame was given:
" And that wise Power who weighs our lives,
" By *contras*, and by *pros*, contrives
" To keep the balance even.

" To THEE she gave two piercing eyes,
" A body——just of Tydeus' size.
" A judgment sound, and clear;
" A mind with various science fraught,
" A liberal soul, a thread-bare coat,
" And forty pounds a year.

" To ME one eye not over good,
" Two sides, that, to their cost, have stood
" A ten years hectic cough;
" Aches, stitches, all the numerous ills
" That swell the devilish doctor's bills,
" And sweep poor mortals off.

" A coat more bare than thine, a soul
" That spurns the crowd's malign controul;

Or traced the Aquinian thro' the Latine road,
And trembled at the lashes he bestow'd.
Together too, when Greece unlocked her stores,
We roved in thought o'er Troy's devoted shores;
Or followed, while he sought his native soil,
"That old man eloquent" from toil to toil;
Lingering with good Alcinoüs o'er the tale,
Till the east reddened, and the stars grew pale.
So past our life; till fate severely kind,
Tore us apart, and land and sea disjoin'd
For many a year: now met, to part no more,
The ascendant Power, confessed so strong of yore,
Stronger by absence, every thought controuls,
And knits in perfect unity our souls.
O IRELAND! if the verse that thus essays
To trace our lives "e'en from our boyish days,"
Meet thy applause; the world beside may rail—
I care not——at the uninteresting tale:

NOTES.

"A fixed contempt of wrong;
"Spirits above affliction's power,
"And skill to charm the lonely hour
"With no inglorious song."

I only seek, in language void of art,
To ope my breast, and pour out all my heart;
And boastful of thy various worth, to tell,
How long we lov'd, and thou canst add, HOW WELL!
Thou too, MY HOPPNER! if my wish availed,
Should'st praise the strain that but for thee had failed:
Thou knowest, when Indolence possessed me all,
How oft I roused at thy inspiring call;
Burst from the Syren's fascinating power,
And gave the Muse thou lov'st, one studious hour.
Proud of thy friendship, while the voice of fame
Pursues thy merits with a loud acclaim,
I share the triumph; not unpleased to see
Our kindred destinies—for thou, like me,
Wast thrown too soon on the world's dangerous tide,
To sink or swim, as chance might best decide.
ME, all too weak to gain the distant land,
The waves had whelmed, but that an outstretch'd hand
Kindly upheld, when now with fear unnerved—
And still protects the life it then preserved.
THEE, powers untried, perhaps unfelt before,
Enabled, tho' with pain, to reach the shore,
While WEST stood by, the doubtful strife to view,
Nor lent a friendly arm to help thee through.

Nor ceased the labour there: Hate, ill-supprest,
Advantage took of thy ingenuous breast,
Where saving wisdom yet had plac'd no screen,
But every word, and every thought was seen,
To darken all thy life——'Tis past: more bright
Thro' the disparting gloom thou strikest the sight;
While baffled malice hastes thy powers to own,
And wonders at the worth so long unknown.

I too, whose voice no claims but truth's e'er moved,
Who long have seen thy merits, long have loved,
Yet loved in silence, lest the rout should say
Too partial friendship tuned th' applausive lay;
Now, now that all conspire thy name to raise,
May join the shout of unsuspected praise.

Go then, since the long struggle now is o'er,
And envy can obstruct thy fame no more;
With ardent hand thy magic toil pursue,
And pour fresh wonders on our raptured view.
One SUN is set, one GLORIOUS SUN; whose rays
Long gladdened Britain with no common blaze:
O, may'st THOU soon (for clouds begin to rise)
Assert his station in the eastern skies,
Glow with his fires, and give the world to see
Another REYNOLDS risen, MY FRIEND, in THEE!

But whither roves the Muse? I but design'd
To note the few whose praise delights my mind;
But friendship's power has drawn the verse astray,
Wide from its aim, a long, but flowery way.
Yet one remains, ONE NAME for ever dear,
With whom, conversing many a happy year,
I marked with secret joy the opening bloom
Of Virtue, prescient of the fruits to come,
Truth, honour, rectitude——O while thy breast,
My BELGRAVE! of its every wish possest,
Swells with its recent transports, recent fears,
And tenderest titles strike, yet charm thy ears,
Say, wilt thou from thy feelings pause awhile,
To view my humble labours with a smile?
Thou wilt: for still 'tis thy delight to praise,
And still thy fond applause has crowned my lays.
Here then I rest; soothed with the hope to prove
The approbation of "the few I love,"
Joined (for ambitious thoughts will sometimes rise)
Joined to th' endurance of the good and wise.
Thus happy—I can leave with tranquil breast
Fashion's loud praise to Laura and the rest,
Who rhyme and rattle, innocent of thought,
Nor know that nothing can proceed from nought.

Thus happy,—I can view unruffled, Miles,
Twist into splay-foot doggrel all St. Giles.
Edwin spin paragraphs with Vaughan's whole skill,
Este rapt in nonsense, gnaw his grey-goose quill,
Merry in dithyrambics wail his wrongs,
And Weston, foaming from Pope's odious songs,
"Much-injured Weston," vent in odes his grief,
And fly to Urban for a short relief.

PROCEEDINGS

ON THE

TRIAL

OF

ROBERT FAULDER, BOOKSELLER,

(One of FORTY *against whom Actions were brought for selling the Baviad)*

FOR PUBLISHING

A LIBEL

ON

JOHN WILLIAMS,

Alias ANTHONY PASQUIN, ESQ.

(See Introduction to the Baviad.)

TRIAL, &c.

DECLARATION.

Michaelmas Term, in the Thirty-eighth Year of the Reign of King George the Third.

Middlesex, to wit. } JOHN WILLIAMS complains of Robert Faulder being in the custody of the Marshal of the Marshalsea of our Sovereign Lord the now King, before the King himself, of a plea of trespass on the case. For that WHEREAS the said John NOW IS, AND FROM THE TIME OF HIS NATIVITY HITHERTO HATH BEEN A PERSON OF UPRIGHT AND MORAL CONDUCT AND BEHAVIOUR, and as an upright and moral person, hath, during all the time aforesaid, behaved himself; and always until the publishing of the false, scandalous, malicious, and defamatory libels hereafter

mentioned to have been published by the said Robert, had been holden and reputed to be a person of good name, fame, credit, and unsullied character and reputation amongst all his neighbours, and other good and worthy subjects of this realm, AND NEVER WAS GUILTY, NOR UNTIL THE TIME OF THE PUBLISHING OF THE FALSE AND DEFAMATORY LIBELS HEREINAFTER MENTIONED, HAD BEEN SUSPECTED OF BEING GUILTY OF ANY THING INDECENT, OBSCENE, IMMORAL, OR UNBECOMING, OR OF TRADUCING, CENSURING, OR CALUMNIATING THE INNOCENT AND THE VIRTUOUS; by means of all which premises the said John, before, and at the time of the publishing of the false, scandalous, malicious, and defamatory libels hereinafter mentioned, had deservedly obtained, acquired, and gotten to himself, and then enjoyed, the good opinion, credit, and esteem of all persons any ways acquainted with him, and of other good and worthy subjects of this realm.

AND WHEREAS ALSO, the said John, long before, and at the time of the publishing of the libels hereinafter mentioned, did use, exercise, follow, and

carry on the profession of an author, and in the way of such his PROFESSION, had composed and published divers and very many books, poems, and other publications, and had thereby obtained, and acquired to himself, and then enjoyed GREAT PUBLIC FAME, CELEBRITY, ADMIRATION, AND APPLAUSE, in his said profession of an author, and the compositions and publications of the said John, were, in consequence thereof, IN SUCH GENERAL REPUTE AND ESTEEM, AND IN SO GREAT REQUEST, that he, the said John, at the time of the publication of the several false, scandalous, and defamatory libels hereinafter mentioned to have been published by the said Robert, was, in the way of his said PROFESSION, daily and HONESTLY acquiring divers and VERY GREAT GAINS, PROFITS, AND EMOLUMENTS, TO HIS VERY COMFORTABLE SUPPORT, AND TO THE GREAT INCREASE OF HIS RICHES.

And the said John further saith, long before, and at the time of the publication of the several false, scandalous, and defamatory libels hereinafter mentioned; he, the said John, was generally and

publicly known, as well by the name of ANTHONY PASQUIN, as by the name of JOHN WILLIAMS, many of his MOST ADMIRED COMPOSITIONS having been published under the name of Anthony Pasquin.

Yet, nevertheless, the said Robert, well knowing all and singular the premises, but GREATLY ENVYING the happy state and condition of the said John, and contriving and maliciously intending to prejudice, degrade, and damnify the said John, not only in his aforesaid good name, credit, character, and reputation, and to bring him into great and public scandal, infamy, and disgrace amongst all his neighbours, and other good and worthy subjects of this realm; and to cause it to be believed and suspected, that the said John was a person of loose, indecent, shameless, profligate, infamous, and immoral manners, conduct, and behaviour, and a traducer, calumniator, and destroyer of the reputations of divers innocent, virtuous, and worthy subjects of this realm, but also to degrade, depreciate, vilify, prejudice, injure, and damnify him, the said John, in the way of his aforesaid PROFESSION

of an author, and to bring the compositions and publications of the said John into public disesteem, disregard, and disrepute, and to cause it to be believed that the productions of the said John as an author or composer were INSIGNIFICANT, TRIFLING, DULL, LICENTIOUS, AND IMMORAL, and that the said John was a venal and prostituted author, who bartered his abilities to the service of any person or cause, from pecuniary motives, and otherwise to injure and damnify him, heretofore, to wit, on the first day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven, at Westminster aforesaid, in the said county of Middlesex, he, the said Robert, falsely, wickedly, wrongfully, unjustly, and maliciously, published a certain book entitled, "THE BAVIAD, AND MÆVIAD," containing therein, amongst other things, a false, scandalous, defamatory, and malicious libel of and concerning the said John in the way of his said PROFESSION of an author, in substance, and to the effect following: that is to say,

"Some love the verse that like Maria's flows,
"No rubs to stagger, and no sense to pose;

" Which read, and read, you raise your eyes in
" doubt,
" And gravely wonder what it is about.
" These fancy Bell's Poetics only sweet,
" And intercept his hawkers in the street;
" There, smoking hot, inhale Mit Yenda's strains,
" And the rank fume of TONY PASQUIN's brains."

" I have too much respect for my reader to affront " him with any specimens of this man's" *(meaning the said John's)* " poetry, at once licentious and " dull beyond example:" *(thereby meaning that the poetry of the said John was licentious and dull beyond example)* " at the same time I cannot resist " the temptation of presenting him with the follow- " ing stanzas, written by a friend of mine, and " sufficiently illustrative of the character in ques- " tion:"

" TO ANTHONY PASQUIN, Esq."

(meaning the said John.)

" Why dost thou tack, most simple Anthony,
" The name of Pasquin to thy ribbald strains?
" Is it a fetch of wit, to let us see,
" Thou like that statue, art devoid of brains?

"But thou mistak'st: for know, tho' Pasquin's head
"Be full as hard, and near as thick, as thine;
"Yet has the world admiring on it read
"Many a keen gibe, and many a sportive line.

"While nothing from thy jobbernowl can spring
"But impudence and filth; for out, alas!
"Do what we will, 'tis still the same vile thing,
"Within, all brickdust—and without, all brass.

"Then blot the name of Pasquin from thy page:
"Thou seest it will not thy poor riff-raff sell.
"Some other would'st thou take? I dare engage
"John Williams, or Tom Fool, will do as well."

"Tony," *(meaning the said John)* "has taken "my friend's advice, and now sells, or attempts to "sell his riff-raff" *(meaning the said John's compositions, and also meaning that such compositions were riff-raff)* "under the name of John Williams. It "has been represented to me that I should do well "to avoid all mention of this man; *(meaning the "said John)* from a consideration, that one so lost "to every sense of decency and shame, was a fitter "object for the Beadle than the Muse." *(Thereby meaning that the said John was a person* LOST TO EVERY SENSE OF DECENCY AND SHAME.)

" This has induced me to lay aside a second casti-
" gation, which I had prepared for him" *(meaning the said John)* " though I do not think it expedient
" to omit what I had formerly written;

> ' Here on the rack of satire let him lie,
> ' Fit garbage for the hell-hound Infamy.'

" One word more. I am told there are men so
" weak as to deprecate this MISERABLE OBJECT'S
" abuse," *(meaning that the said John was a miserable object)* " and so vain, so despicably vain, as to tole-
" rate his" *(meaning the said John's)* " praise; for
" such I have nothing but pity; though the fate
" of Hastings, see the ' Pin-basket to the Children
" of Thespis'," *(meaning a composition of the said John's)* " holds out a dreadful lesson to the latter;
" but should there be a man, or a woman, however
" high their rank, base enough to purchase the
" venal pen of this MISCREANT, for the sake of
" traducing innocence and virtue;" *(thereby meaning that the said John was a miscreant and a venal author, who prostituted his talents for pecuniary motives, in the traducing innocence and virtue)*

" then—I was about to threaten; but 'tis not neces-
" sary: the profligate cowards who employ Anthony"
(meaning the said John) " can know no severer pu-
" nishment than the support of a man" *(still meaning the said John)* " WHOSE ACQUAINTANCE IS IN-
" FAMY, AND WHOSE TOUCH" *(meaning the touch of the said John)* " IS POISON."

And the said John further saith, that the said Robert further contriving and intending to injure and damnify the said John, falsely, wickedly, wrongfully, unjustly, and maliciously published a certain other false, scandalous, defamatory, and malicious libel of and concerning the said John, in the way of his said PROFESSION as an author, in substance and to the effect following, that is to say,

" To ANTHONY PASQUIN, Esq."
(meaning the said John.)

" Why dost thou tack, MOST SIMPLE ANTHO-
" NY," *(again meaning the said John)* " the name
" of Pasquin to thy ribbald strains?" *(thereby meaning that the strains of the said John were low and licentious.)* " Is it a fetch of wit, to let us see, THOU,

(again meaning the said John) " like that statue,
" art devoid of BRAINS?" *(meaning that the said John was without brains, like a statue.)* " But thou"
(again meaning the said John) " mistak'st: for
" know, though Pasquin's head Be full as hard,
" and near as THICK, as thine;" *(meaning the head of the said John)* " Yet has the world admiring on it
" read, Many a keen gibe, and many a sportive line:
" While nothing from thy JOBBERNOWL" *(again meaning the head of the said John)* " can spring,
" But impudence and filth; for out, alas! Do what
" we will, 'tis still the same vile thing, Within all
" brickdust, and without, all brass." *(Meaning that the said John had brickdust for brains.)*

" Then blot the name of Pasquin from thy page:"
(meaning the page of the said John) " Thou seest it
" will not thy poor RIFF-RAFF" *(meaning the compositions and publications of the said John)* " sell.
" Some other" *(meaning some other name than that of Pasquin)* " would'st thou" *(again meaning the said John)* " take? I dare engage, JOHN WILLIAMS,
" or TOM FOOL, will do as well." *(Thereby meaning and insinuating not only that the said John was a*

man of SMALL *abilities, but also that his publications were of an insignificant nature, and on that account neglected by the public.*

And the said John further saith, that the said Robert further contriving and intending to injure and damnify the said John as aforesaid, afterwards, to wit, on the day and year aforesaid, at Westminster aforesaid, in the county aforesaid, falsely, wickedly, wrongfully, unjustly and maliciously, published a certain other false, scandalous, defamatory and malicious libel of and concerning the said John, in substance and to the effect following, that is to say, "The profligate cowards who employ Anthony" *(meaning the said John)* "can know no severer "punishment than the support of a man" *(meaning the said John)* "WHOSE ACQUAINTANCE IS IN-"FAMY, AND WHOSE TOUCH IS POISON." *(Thereby meaning that the character of the said John was so degraded and depraved, that it was infamous and dangerous to be acquainted or connected with him.)*

By means of the publishing of which said several false, scandalous, defamatory, and malicious libels

hereinbefore mentioned to have been published by the said Robert, he, the said John, was, hath been, and is not only greatly hurt, injured, and prejudiced in his good name, fame, credit, and reputation as a man, but also in his character and reputation as an author, and IS FALLEN INTO PUBLIC DISGRACE AND CONTEMPT AMONGST ALL HIS NEIGHBOURS, AND OTHER GOOD AND WORTHY SUBJECTS OF THIS REALM, insomuch that divers of those neighbours and subjects have, on occasion of the publication of the said several false, scandalous, and defamatory libels, so VEHEMENTLY SUSPECTED THE SAID JOHN TO HAVE BEEN, AND TO BE, A PERSON OF IMMORAL AND INFAMOUS CHARACTER, that they have, on that account, REFUSED, AND STILL DO DAILY MORE AND MORE REFUSE, TO HAVE ANY COMMERCE, CONNECTION, ACQUAINTANCE, OR DISCOURSE WITH HIM, as before they were used and accustomed to do, and would still have done, had not those false, scandalous, and defamatory libels been so published as aforesaid; and also by reason and means of the premises aforesaid, he, the said John,

was, hath been, and is greatly injured and damnified, as well in the way of his said PROFESSION of an author, as otherwise, to wit, at Westminster aforesaid, in the county aforesaid, to the damage of the said John, of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS, and therefore he brings his suit.

COUNSEL FOR JOHN WILLIAMS:
The Hon. THOMAS ERSKINE, and Mr. WIGLEY.
Attorney, Mr. GROVE.

COUNSEL FOR Mr. FAULDER:
Mr. GARROW, and Mr. LAWES.
Attorney, Mr. ALLEN.

Mr. *Erskine*. May it please your Lordship—

Gentlemen of the Jury, I am of counsel for the Plaintiff, who has brought this action against the Defendant, Mr. Faulder, an eminent and respectable bookseller, but who is nevertheless responsible in law for whatever may belong to this book, of which the Plaintiff complains as a libel upon him: and he has brought this action against the defendant to

render him responsible in damages for the injury he has sustained from it.

Gentlemen, I use these last words emphatically; for whatever controversies may have arisen upon a question which has agitated the best and wisest establishments, and which I shall not discuss at present, (I mean the extent of the liberty of the press) I believe that in all times, and among all judges, there has been but one opinion upon the Rule which I humbly, under his Lordship's direction, mean to lay down this day in an action for civil damages.

The Plaintiff says this is a Libel upon him. What is a Libel upon an individual no man has ever yet, I believe, made the subject of controversy. It is that which either injures him in his trade, or in his office; or which, without injuring him in either, exposes him to infamy and disgrace among mankind.

Gentlemen, where a person brings an action for a Libel, if the matter charged upon the Defendant as a Libel be truth, the Defendant may justify for that truth; for although it may be necessary to bring

an indictment for a Libel for the preservation of the public peace, and to prevent men from revenging themselves, instead of coming before a tribunal for justice, (for a Libel, though true, may be the subject of prosecution) yet *no man shall come into a court of justice to complain that his character is in any particular respect injured, if it be true that his character is as has been represented.*

Gentlemen, this is a wise and salutary distinction, because it makes a man feel the value of character; it makes him know that his reputation is undoubtedly the greatest of blessings, yet people cannot complain of any attack made upon their reputation, if they have made that reputation vulnerable by their own acts.

I have just observed to you that the Defendant in an action may justify: but then it must not be a *general* justification; it must be a precise and *particular* one—that the Libel is true; and if it is so, the Plaintiff cannot complain. In the present case, the Defendant has put no justification upon the record, consequently there can only be given in evidence, circumstances in mitigation of damages.

Gentlemen, the action is brought for this book, which is stiled "The BAVIAD and MÆVIAD." It is an imitation of Persius, and is dedicated to John Hoppner, Esq. an artist of great eminence, and a truly respectable and honourable man.

It is no disrespect to the author of this book to say, that I never read any part of it but such as I have had occasion to cast my eye over in the course of the proceedings in this cause: as to the general merits of the poem, therefore, I can say nothing. On a cursory perusal, it appeared to me that many of the lines were written with great spirit and genius; but that, you will please to recollect, makes the Libel more severe against the Plaintiff; for in proportion as the book is written with spirit and genius, into a greater number of hands it will consequently fall.

Some licence has always been allowed to poets; and, when it extends no farther than merely attacking a man upon the subject of his works, I do not see any necessity to complain.—It is nothing. Every man has a right to choose whether he will be altogether a private man; or whether he will mix

himself in the affairs of the public. Every man has a choice whether he will be silent, and preserve his ideas to himself, or whether he thinks them of such importance, as to justify his communicating them to the world. When a man chooses the latter, he gives the public a jurisdiction to exercise their opinions; and must not pretend to be captious if they take the liberty (without which there can be no freedom of the press) to criticise his performances. You cannot confine criticism entirely to your own ideas, for men will write, and if they keep within the bounds which common decency requires, there can then be no action for a Libel; nor is this action brought on that account.

This Plaintiff is known by the name of "Anthony "Pasquin" as well as by that of "John Williams."

If any one gives a passage out of his works, and makes his own remarks and conclusions upon it, that is not a Libel; because, if it were, a man might have the whole press to himself, and print books; and no man could answer them—therefore a man cannot complain of that.

Gentlemen, the Plaintiff complains of an attack,

(as it seems to me, from my instructions,) separate from his works;—of an attack upon his character, and of *infamy* in the abstract.

I will read the passage to you: it is in the BAVIAD, (p. 32.) The text is,

"There, smoking hot, inhale MIT YENDA's strains,
"And the rank fume of TONY PASQUIN's brains."

On the words TONY PASQUIN is the following note:

"I have too much respect for my reader to "affront him with any specimens of this man's "poetry, at once licentious and dull beyond ex-"ample:"—

That is no Libel. To say a man is a bad poet, is no Libel; every man has a right to say and write what he pleases on a mere matter of speculation like this.—He goes on,

"At the same time I cannot resist the tempta-"tion of presenting him with the following stanzas, "written by a friend of mine, and sufficiently illus-"trative of the character in question:"

Then the verses supposed to be written by the friend follow—

"Then blot the name of PASQUIN from thy page;
"Thou seest it will not thy poor RIFF-RAFF sell.
"Some other wouldst thou take? I dare engage
"JOHN WILLIAMS, or TOM FOOL, will do as well."

Gentlemen, I have read this passage in order to show you for whom the following note is written, and to whom it applies.

"Tony has taken my friend's advice, and now "sells, or attempts to sell, 'his riff-raff,' under the "name of John Williams."

"It has been represented to me, that I should do "well"——

——and this is the part of which I am instructed to complain.—

"It has been represented to me, that I should do "well to avoid all mention of this man; from a "consideration that one so lost to every sense of "decency and shame, was a fitter object for the "Beadle than the Muse. This has induced me to "lay aside a second castigation which I had pre-

" pared for him, though I do not think it expedient
" to omit what I had formerly written.

" Here on the rack of satire let him lie,
" Fit garbage for the hell-hound Infamy."

" One word more."——

One would think there was no occasion for one word more.—" I am told there are men so weak " as to deprecate this miserable object's abuse, " and so vain, so despicably vain, as to tolerate his " praise—for such, I have nothing but pity;— " though the fate of Hastings, see 'THE PIN- " 'BASKET TO THE CHILDREN OF THESPIS,' " holds out a dreadful lesson to the latter—but " should there be a man or a woman, however high " their rank, base enough to purchase the venal " pen of this MISCREANT for the sake of traducing " innocence and virtue; then—*I was about to* " *threaten*—but 'tis not necessary: the profligate " cowards who employ Anthony can know no se- " verer punishment than the support of a man, " whose acquaintance is infamy, and whose touch " is poison."

Gentlemen, if you go back to this part, it is a sentiment which every man must agree in, that it makes the Libel more severe when the author points the application; certainly there is nothing which shocks humanity so much as the idea of purchasing the "venal pen" of a "MISCREANT" for the "sake "of traducing innocence and virtue." If there be one consideration more than another, that fills the mind with horror, it is such a thing as that of employing the "venal pen" against "innocence and "virtue;" and the Libel is the application of this to the Plaintiff.

Gentlemen, I am not instructed (if I were, indeed, I should not follow it in an action against a particular bookseller) to make any remarks not immediately relative to the cause in question. But there is one thing I cannot help borrowing from the author himself: it is a sentiment in which I agree with him, which appears to me to be admirably composed, and convinces me of the idea that he himself had, of what infinite value reputation is, not only to an individual, but to the public. He says, in the Introduction to his Poem,

"A short time before the period we speak of, a "knot of fantastic coxcombs had set up a daily "paper, called '*The World.*' It was perfectly un- "intelligible, and therefore much read: it was "equally lavish of praise and abuse; (praise of what "appeared in its own columns, and abuse of every "thing that appeared elsewhere,) and as its Con- "ductors were at once ignorant and conceited, they "took upon them to direct the taste of the "town."

The part I meant to allude to, is in a note on this paragraph. You will please to take notice, Gentlemen, that my remark does not apply to any share which the Plaintiff had in this paper, the contents of which I do not recollect; but it seems to me to be an observation worthy of being treasured up in the mind of every man.

"In this paper were given the earliest specimens "of those unqualified and audacious attacks on all "private character; which the town first smiled at "for their quaintness, then tolerated for their ab- "surdity; and now—that other papers equally "wicked, and more intelligible, have ventured to

" imitate it,—will have to lament to the latest hour " of British liberty."

What papers this gentleman alludes to, I know not; nor, whether they were written by my client or by any other person; but the observation, as I have said, is an admirable one. Perhaps there is nothing so truly dangerous or destructive of that most invaluable blessing, the liberty of the press, as that rage for private slander which disgraces the age, in which I may say we have at once the honour, and misfortune to live.

Gentlemen, when we look round the world, and duly consider the important period in which we live, and the awful changes that are taking place upon the face of the earth; every honest man, who reflects upon these things, one would think, would endeavour to inculcate in all men a spirit of humanity;—whatever differences of opinion there may be among us, whether as public or private men, we should recollect that we are united together in the bonds of christian charity. There are evils enough in life to make us unhappy, without depriving ourselves of the best consolations which belong

to our situations, by manifesting an insensibility to one another.—If we cannot agree, let us at least, endeavour to correct one another's errors with decency. If men will write from their passions, they should be told that unlimited abuse ought not to be permitted; nay, that it never is permitted, in any civilized country. Why should men tear one another to pieces like the beasts that perish?

I see my learned friend has in his hand, and I cannot help taking notice of it, books imputed to my client. I told you I never read any of the productions of the author of the BAVIAD, of whom, therefore, I can say nothing;—on the other hand, I have never read any of the works of my client. I have enough of manuscript to read; and my eyes are obliged to borrow the glass I hold in my hand, in consequence of those readings. But standing here as Counsel for the Plaintiff, I must be answerable for the good or evil which he has done. I have directed the books to be brought to me, in order that, if my learned friend is disposed to give in evidence any of those books, I may have an opportunity of seeing the application that is made

of them, and of offering such remarks as I may hereafter deem necessary.

One word more, and I shall have finished. *If there can be found attacks upon any man, or body of men whatever, in these books, of a nature like those which the Plaintiff complains of, I shall be sorry for it upon his account; for that which I condemn in others, I must condemn in him also.* There must be a certain quality in things. What *A* has done must have the same quality when *B* does it. The doer, or writer of the thing cannot alter the nature of it;—but then the law says this, if *A* has written a Libel not upon *B*, it is not for *B* to come forward by a general accusation, and affix infamy to the name of the writer. But he may sit down, as any author sits down, to comment upon any book that is written; he may expose its indecency, if indecency belongs to it, and chastise the author for it; he may justify it upon the record when the author comes to complain of it, but he cannot, in general terms, set up a justification, by only reading books of the Plaintiff which are censurable. This, however, does not apply to the jurisdiction of the case.

Gentlemen, having finished what comes from myself, and said what I am inclined to think, nobody will differ from me in, I will next take the liberty to state to you what my client said to me the day before yesterday.

He said, "I am not accustomed to public life, "nor capable of delivering the sentiments with "which I am impressed; you are employed to "stand in my place. If I were to exercise that "trust which I repose in you, my address to the "Jury would be very short; I should say, Gentle-"men, you are first to examine whether the De-"fendant sold this book—Secondly, whether it "applies to me who am the Plaintiff: if you are "satisfied of these two things, you must feel, and "you must know, that it has been read by many, "very many of my fellow-creatures, and fellow-"subjects, with whom in human life I must wish "to stand in esteem; but with whom I must now "stand in disrespect and infamy to the end of "time." He said, "this is grievous, and entitles "me to apply to the laws of my country—I am "not a rich man. Ill health one can bear up

" against, one can struggle against the adversities " which fill the page of human life, one can sur- " vive the loss of fortune, and the loss of friend- " ship itself, the best blessing of mankind; but a " wounded spirit who can bear?"—

I have now discharged my duty, and have stated as a professional man that which occurs to me to be my duty to state; I have followed the instructions of my client. I will prove the publication of this book, and you will give that attention to the sequel of the cause which it may demand: I shall perhaps trouble you, by the rules of the court, with a reply; the OBJECT of the Plaintiff undoubtedly is to put his hand DEEP into the pocket of the bookseller; and you, I doubt not, will give that verdict, under all the circumstances of the case, which will sufficiently vindicate the Plaintiff in this action.

EVIDENCE FOR THE PLAINTIFF.

John Somerfield sworn: examined by Mr. *Wigley*.

Q. Look at that book. Did you purchase it at any time, and where?

A. I purchased it at the shop of Mr. Faulder, bookseller, in Bond-street, the first of November, in the present year.

Cross-examined by Mr. *Garrow*.

Q. What are you by profession?

A. An historical engraver.

Q. You are acquainted probably with the Plaintiff?

A. Yes, I am.

Mr. *Wigley*. I did not know you were acquainted with the Plaintiff.

Do you know whether he has written under any name besides that of John Williams?

A. Yes; under that of Anthony Pasquin.

Q. Have you read any part of the book you bought?

A. Yes; I have read the parts that relate to Mr. Williams.

Mr. *Garrow*. Mr. Williams has written many ADMIRED WORKS, has he not?

A. Yes, I believe he has.

Mr. *Erskine*. Do you say that from your own knowledge?

A. Yes.

Mr. *Garrow*. I have no objections to whatever Mr. Williams may have told you—He has, I think you say, written MANY ADMIRED WORKS?

A. Yes; I have seen several of them.

Q. Do you recollect his saying in any of those works, that "he had written more books than any "other man living?"

A. I don't recollect that.

Q. Perhaps, as you are his particular friend, he has made you a present of some of HIS ADMIRED WORKS?

A. Yes; he made me a present of "The Pin-"basket to the Children of Thespis."

Q. As you are his friend, I suppose you know it to be his?

A. Yes, I do.

Q. It is a POPULAR book, is it not; and well written?

A. I cannot tell; Mr. Williams gave me the book.

Q. It is one of the latest efforts of his Muse, I think?

A. Yes, I believe it is.

Q. One of his most matured and elaborate efforts?—Another ADMIRED WORK of his is, "A "LIBERAL CRITIQUE ON THE EXHIBITION OF "THE ROYAL ACADEMY." He made you a present of that also, did he not?

A. No.

Q. Cast your eye upon that book; (*handing the witness the* "LIBERAL CRITIQUE ON THE EXHI- "BITION") look at it.

A. I believe this is one of his works.

Q. "AN AUTHENTIC HISTORY OF THE AR- "TISTS OF IRELAND" is, I believe, another of his ADMIRED WORKS?

A. Yes, it is.

Q. A most excellent performance!—"AN AU- "THENTIC HISTORY OF THE ARTISTS OF IRE- "LAND"—"PASQUIN ON THE FINE ARTS!"—with a frontispiece elegantly engraved, of your friend. I rejoice in having an opportunity to shew you so fine a resemblance of him.—Is it like him?

A. People often differ in their opinion of likenesses; but I think it is like him.

Q. If Nature ever wrote a character in any countenance, that must be like him!—

He is the author also of another most excellent and MUCH ADMIRED WORK, "THE NEW BRIGHTON GUIDE."—I presume he made you a present of that also?

A. Yes, he did.

Mr. *Erskine.* Do you mean to read those books?

Mr. *Garrow.* I am proving those books. I shall certainly read one of them, because it is luckily referred to in the Declaration. The devil now and then overshoots his mark. It furnishes besides, a curious specimen of the valuable labours of this gentleman.

Q. He is an author by PROFESSION, is he not?

A. Yes, he is.

Q. I think I have collected from some of his ADMIRED WORKS, that he has indulged, (to say nothing of his greater labours that are to convey his name to future ages) he has indulged, I say, a certain degree of freedom in some of his more perishable efforts in the daily papers. You undoubtedly know THAT of him?

A. Yes, I believe he has.

Q. You must also remember a passage in one of his WORKS, that "he had been turned out of two "newspapers, the Comet and the Star, from being "suspected of sacrificing the interests of the pro- "prietors, to his zeal for Mr. Hastings?"

A. I don't recollect that.

Mr. *Garrow*. My Lord, I submit to your Lordship, that unless my learned friend goes further than this, he must be non-suited; because the Declaration in substance states, that this gentleman was an author by profession, that in consequence of that he had got GREAT GAINS, and had published a great many ADMIRED WORKS; among the rest the "PIN-BASKET TO THE CHILDREN OF THESPIS;" that this abominable Libeller, the Defendant, has published a Libel concerning this author, on his work entitled the "PIN-BASKET TO THE CHIL- "DREN OF THESPIS," which Libel refers to a passage in that work.

Court. Does it state so?

Mr. *Garrow*. It does, distinctly.

Mr. *Erskine*. Your Lordship will find there is a count which has no connection with that.

Mr. *Lawes*. That is only an innuendo.

Mr. *Garrow.* There is another ground upon which I am entitled to have this work read. The first count says this, "I am told there are men so "weak as to deprecate this miserable object's "abuse, and so vain, so despicably vain, as to "tolerate his praise;" *(meaning the said John's praise)* "for such I have nothing but pity—tho' "the fate of Hastings, (see the 'Pin-basket to the "Children of Thespis'.")——

Court. "THE PIN-BASKET," then, you infer to be one of the works of John Williams?

Mr. *Garrow.* Undoubtedly, my Lord; it is given in evidence by his own witness. "Tho' the fate of "Hastings, see the"——

Mr. *Erskine.* You need not proceed with your quotation; we must, I think, allow the work: on that count, therefore, I wish to relieve your Lordship from any farther consideration.

Mr. *Garrow.* What count then do you go upon? let us see what it is?

Mr. *Erskine.* The last count. To injure and damage the Plaintiff by saying "*that the profligate* "*cowards who employ Anthony, can know no severer*

" punishment than the support of a man, whose ac-
" quaintance is infamy, and whose touch is poison."

Mr. *Garrow.* Do you rely upon that?

Mr. *Erskine.* I do.

Mr. *Garrow.* That is not a Libel upon him as an author.

Mr. *Erskine.* It is a Libel upon him however.

Mr. *Lawes.* Does not your Lordship think upon the ground of averment in the Declaration, it is incumbent upon the Plaintiff to prove that he has published works under the name of Anthony Pasquin?—because that is made a species of evidence. It is said to be one of his public appellations, " he " having published works known by the name of " ANTHONY PASQUIN as well as by that of JOHN " WILLIAMS." So says the Declaration: now the best evidence of this fact is the works themselves.

Court. True; it is so.

Mr. *Garrow.* I must have the works produced.

Court. He must certainly show he has published works under the name of Anthony Pasquin.

Mr. *Garrow.* *(Giving a book to Somerfield.)* Do you know any thing of that work.

A. Yes, I have read it.

Q. Do you know who is the author of it?

A. Yes. Mr. Williams.

Court. What is the work?

A. "A LIBERAL CRITIQUE ON THE EXHIBI-"TION OF 1794."

Mr. *Garrow.* Right! You have now proved it. Give it to Mr. Lowton.—Mr. Lowton, turn to page 52, that is the page in my copy—and if, by accident, you should meet with any passages that are too impious, or too indecent to be read in a Court of Justice, clap your thumb over them, and omit them intirely.

Mr. *Lowton.* This is not the book.

Mr. *Garrow.* It is "A LIBERAL CRITIQUE "UPON THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACA-"DEMY."

Mr. *Lowton.* This is number *one.*

Mr. *Garrow.* Give us number *two*, Mr. Grove. *(To Mr. Grove, John Williams's Attorney.)*

Mr. *Grove.* I have not got it.

Mr. *Garrow.* You are right, Mr. Grove; you have taken care, I see, of number *two:* we must

then try what can be made of number *one*. You will find it, I fancy, Mr. Lowton, towards the end of the volume you have in your hand.

(Here Mr. Lowton read several passages.)

Mr. *Wigley*. *(To Somerfield.)* Now look at that book, called "SHROVE TUESDAY;" do you know the author of it?

A. Mr. Williams, I believe, is the author.

Q. Is that a whole work, or part of one?

A. I see other pieces are bound up with it.

Q. Are those "other pieces" by Mr. Williams?

A. Yes.

Mr. *Garrow*. May it please your Lordship—

Gentlemen of the Jury, I stand here under the retainer of the Defendant Mr. Faulder, who is one of forty Booksellers against whom the present Plaintiff has thought fit to bring actions to recover damages from them, for the injury done to his reputation, *principally* to his reputation, as AN ADMIRED AUTHOR. He has certainly a right, as he has stated by the mouth of my learned friend, "to apply to the laws of his country for redress."

HAPPY COUNTRY! in which the condition of

the subject is such, that no man, *however strongly suspected* of having committed the *blackest* and the *foulest* crimes that are to be found in the black catalogue of guilt, can be condemned without being heard;—in which no man, *whatever may have been his character from his cradle upwards*, can be deprived of the right of coming forward to vindicate his own fame, and to seek redress for those injuries which he conceives he may have sustained.

HAPPY COUNTRY! in which any man of this description, coming to seek redress from the law, may command the able assistance of my learned friend; who, though engaged in *such a cause*, and for *such a man*, has not only contrived to throw all the disgrace attached to the business, far from himself, but by his conduct in it, has added, if possible, new honour to his professional life.

HAPPY COUNTRY! in which an Advocate can be brought forward to state a Plaintiff's complaints; which Plaintiff, for any thing that Advocate may know to the contrary, has done all in his power to destroy the honour for which he was

labouring; to wound his peace, to ruin his reputation, and to make his family wretched.

My learned friend has not read Anthony Pasquin's works—nor have I; but I have been driven to the painful necessity of drudging through a few of his disgusting pages since the defence of Mr. Faulder has been committed to my care. For the performance of this duty Anthony Pasquin may be offended with me; but I care nothing for his displeasure—I am not one of those described in the supposed Libel, who are "weak enough to depre-"cate this miserable object's abuse." I give him full leave, if he does not think me too insignificant, to publish a book, and to libel me as soon as he pleases. I know for one, that Libels are no very dreadful things; if a man will but take care of his own honour, it signifies nothing though he be libelled from the beginning of January to the end of December. Gentlemen, I say this experimentally; for during the first eight months of my profession, during the scrutiny of the Westminster election, I was libelled daily, by a person who died by poison

at the bar of a court of justice, in Ireland, under a prosecution for high treason; I speak of the Reverend Mr. Jackson—peace to his ashes! so I quarrel not with libellers.

Mr. Williams has a right to say, if he pleases, "I am not accustomed to public life, or capable of "delivering the sentiments with which I am im- "pressed, in a court of law, and you, Mr. Erskine, "are to do it for me; but if I were to state my "case, I should say, Gentlemen, first examine "whether the Defendant has sold this book, and "whether it applies to me; if it does, it has been "read by many who must detest me; this is "grievous, and I must apply to the laws for re- "dress; poverty a man can bear—sickness a man "can bear, it is the visitation of heaven—but a "wounded spirit, or the loss of reputation, who can "bear?" I am glad to find SUCH sentiments from SUCH a quarter,—I am glad, I say, to find that the man who states himself upon the record an "author "by profession," and who "by the publication of "his works has amassed to himself great gains,"

feels so sensibly any thing that reflects upon his reputation, and desires you to vindicate his honour.

Gentlemen, Mr. Williams shall have a second advocate in me. I will state his case; he has a right to say "I am a subject of the king, I venerate "all the establishments of the country, civil and "religious, I respect private character; I think it "of the last moment that it should be vindicated "when it is wounded; if you take my money I can "live, the loss of money is nothing; if you deprive "me of my friends, I can survive that; but take "away my character and I am undone." He has a right to say "I am an admirer of the *fine arts*, and "I have protected the *fine arts*." He has a right to say, "I love virtue, but I love it most when in dis-"tress," and therefore you will find in some of the passages which I shall read to you, that Mr. Williams has run the career of virtue, in defence of suffering innocence. He found Mr. Hastings under an impeachment of the House of Commons; he has a right to say that he exerted himself for Mr. Hastings's defence; he thought him suffering, to use

his own words—" as *Daniel in the Lion's Den — as* " *persecuted by a set of blood-hounds, hunting him* " *down like a banditti for the sake of pillaging him.*"

Gentlemen, he tells you, as I shall read by and by from one of his " admired works," which has been proved; he tells you, that he lost his situation as an author in two of the diurnal prints, the Comet and the Star, because he defended Mr. Hastings, and because the proprietors thought he paid more attention to the friendship of Mr. Hastings, than to their interests. Mr. Williams certainly has a right to state all this merit, and it is a dreadful thing to deprive him of it. What has this " infamous Libel- " ler," the author of the Baviad, said of him?—why, —and most impudently has he said it!—I caution all mankind to have nothing to do with Mr. Williams—if they have, let them look at the " fate of " Mr. Hastings." Now, what is the fate of Mr. Hastings? Gentlemen, I will presently tell you;—not in any language of mine, but I will read it to you as Mr. Williams, who is " not accustomed to " public life," would read it to you; in order to prove how he was treated, after he had undergone

so much in defending Mr. Hastings, (O this virtuous, this benevolent creature! so overflowing with the milk of human kindness!) merely as an injured, unprotected man, with whom he had no personal acquaintance.

Well then, after all this excess of goodness, what, I repeat, has this libeller in the Baviad said of Mr. Williams? Why, he has said in effect—if there is any body vain enough, or weak enough to wish for his praise, or put himself under his protection, I heartily pity him: indeed, after what has happened to Mr. Hastings, I should be justified in hating and despising him—Mr. Williams's poem is then referred to as the grounds of this remark; and the unfortunate passage *libelled* by my learned friend, follows as a deduction from the premises.

Gentlemen, we have seen how good a friend Mr. Williams was to Mr. Hastings; let us now see how he was requited for his friendship.

"Although the greatest crime in this state and "age is to *think*, I will not be deterred from the "exposure of hypocrisy or criminality. Though an "envenomed host have repeatedly laboured to

"*organize my murder*, it has not diminished my "zeal—I WAS EDUCATED TO LOVE VIRTUE, "AND DESPISE CUNNING." Gracious heavens! what a barbarous idea to wound the feelings of such a man as this!

"I shall now proceed," he continues, "to deve- "lope a series of transactions that fill me with "sorrow; I allude to *Warren Hastings*, whose real "character I most sillily misunderstood."——Mr. Hastings's character I do not pretend to know; but from the stile in which Mr. Williams is pleased to speak of him, one would imagine he could not be a gentleman—neither do I know how he first became the object of his "protection;" but I take God to witness, that the *protection* of such a wretch appears to me a thousand times worse than a *seven years impeachment*.

He afterwards gives an account of the manner in which he took up the notion of being useful to Mr. Hastings—"As MY friendships are erected on "an ample basis, I pursued his foes wherever I "found them. During the last nine years, I "have edited more periodical publications than

"any other existing PERSONAGE, and, in all of "them, I constantly manifested my *fervour* for "him; nay, I even lost two of them, viz. the "STAR, and the COMET, of which I was the pa- "rent, from a supposition that I paid more atten- "tion to the cause of WARREN HASTINGS than "to the interests of the proprietors. I involved his "*honour* in MY BEST and MOST POPULAR POEMS. "I have argued in his behalf in every class of "society, until my vehemence *begot* a *thirst*; and "sooner than yield to the idea that he was the "*monster* his *enemies* had depicted, I relinquished "the acquaintance of some valuable gentlemen,"— here is a sacrifice!—"who were the common "friends to Mr. BURKE and MYSELF." Poor gentlemen! their fate must excite pity wherever it is told. They had the inexpressible misfortune, because they thought Mr. Burke right, and Mr. Hastings not quite so innocent as it suited Mr. Williams's views to think him just at that period, to "lose the friendship" of a man, who declares, in the work I hold in my hand, that he has not "a "friend in the world," and who must be known to

be in that deserted state, whether he had declared it, or no! For, Gentlemen, how should he have friends? Even if nature, who has set her mark upon him, had not pointed him out as the common enemy of all mankind, still it appears from his multifarious and daily-increasing libels, that he is utterly incapable of feeling any degree of friendship for any human being whatever. As nothing is too low for his envy, so nothing is too high for his rancour. Their Majesties on the throne, with all that is great and good in this country have been involved, as he terms it, in his POPULAR performances. I protest, upon my honour, I would not say so in this place, unless he had put the book into every one's hands; there are some passages which, if I had to defend my brother or myself, I would not, nay, I could not, read in a court of justice; there are some passages that reflect not only on the Prince of Wales, but on his illustrious consort and the innocent babe in the cradle, that no consideration would induce me to read in a court of justice. If it should be necessary, I would ask you to take the book that contains them out of court and read it; and this is

the man who comes here to justify his CHARACTER! This is the common traducer, the general libeller, who asks you to put your hand *deep* into the pocket of Mr. Faulder, and vindicate his FAME!

Gentlemen, I feel it is an indulgence to plead this cause;—I hope to God we are doing good in putting to shame a NEST OF PESTILENT PAUPERS, who go about through the public, levying contributions on the timid, and destroying every character in the community. Gentlemen, this man says, he has made his applications to Mr. Hastings FOR MONEY; this Anthony Pasquin, whose friendships are formed upon a *large basis!* who was "educated "to love *virtue* for herself!" who found the foes of Mr. Hastings, and put himself in battle array against them! this man, who struck the "INFURIATE "MONK," as he calls Mr. Burke, (for he attributes to himself the destruction of that great man, whom my learned friend near me, however he might have differed from him in some of his political opinions, never spoke of, but with an almost filial respect and affection—a tribute due from every man to the

sublimity of his genius.) This man, I say, this Pasquin, whose "efforts," if you will take his own words for it (which none of you will) procured Mr. Hastings to be acquitted; tells you, that after the business was over, he applied to him FOR MONEY. Certainly the labourer is worthy of his hire; and after toiling for Mr. Hastings almost as long a period as that of the Trojan war, he had a right to expect some little return.—But no: that gentleman who, probably, knew as little of his "efforts" as of the prodigious advantages he had derived from them, absolutely refused to give him a farthing! Mr. Hastings was neither to be bullied nor cajoled into putting "foive paunds into a sartain pleace;" and it was then, that a sudden ray of light darted into the mind of Mr. Williams, and shewed him Mr. Hastings's "real character, which he had to "that hour most sillily misunderstood!!!"

You shall now hear how he addresses his "ho-"nourable friend" in the "fair language" of "*vir-*"*tuous* indignation:"

"What punishment does that individual merit, "who destroys the basis of human confidence?"—

That is, I have been doing all this for you, and now you will not give me a stipend! O wretched man! I think that for this you ought to suffer another impeachment.—" When," continues he, " you were " howling like a savage stricken by the hunters in " the wilderness, I came to your aid, and you " fondly licked my hand; but the balm was scarcely " administered before the obligation was forgotten." —What is this, but procuring him to be acquitted after a seven years impeachment?—" In such a " case should not Mahomet have come to the " mountain, and not the mountain to Mahomet?" —Poor man! Poor Anthony! he went to the mountain, and the mountain would not receive him; he began to think with the author of the Baviad, and, I will be bold to add, with every other honest man, that his " acquaintance was infamy, " and his touch poison." But to proceed with his apostrophe,—" Could you imagine, Sir, that I " would knock at your door as a suppliant? Could " you dream, in the plenitude of an ideal majesty " of character, that I would beseech where I ought " to demand? If you thought thus, you have been

" egregious." (Mr. Williams's English is not much more correct than his conduct, though it has not found so severe a castigator.) " Could you suppose " it was in my disposition or desire to be elbowed " at your table with your contractors, your nabobs, " your rajahs, or your *rascals?* What could em- " bolden you to imagine that I was so far sunk in " the maze of profligacy, as to be ambitious of wit- " nessing the relaxation of sentiment, or the death " of virtue?"

Who these *rascals* were, who might sometimes be found at Mr. Hastings's table, I cannot tell, but I know that he might have found there such *rascals* as my learned friends Mr. Law, Mr. Dallas, and Mr. Plumer; nay, he might even have met his own counsel, my learned friend Mr. Erskine. But to proceed—

" The morality of a Governor General has ever " been problematical, and by a course of ductile " feeling you may be enabled to forget the kind- " nesses of an upright friend, in the unqualified " caresses of a *sultana*, or the conversation of your " pert *commis.*"——

[*Here Mr. Garrow, perceiving marks of great impatience in the Jury, laid aside his quotations.*]

I see by your countenances, Gentlemen, that it is unnecessary to proceed any further with this man's infamous and abominable productions. I will not, therefore, harass your feelings; let them rest for the present.—But I will appeal to your sense of propriety,—to that of all who hear me, and ask, whether this common libeller, this vile traducer of honour and integrity, this hireling blaster of youth and innocence, should be suffered to come into this court and ask satisfaction for being described under the character he has voluntarily and ostentatiously assumed? Should he, who has been proved before you to be the author of works, of which every line is a calumny, sue for your protection, under the pretence that he has been calumniated? Shall he say to you, Gentlemen—I have been from my youth up earning a scandalous subsistence by villifying my sovereign, insulting his august family, belying his ministers, traducing his courts of justice, and slandering his subjects from the highest to the lowest; give me, therefore, ample damages, be-

cause this dirty occupation is not sufficiently profitable?

Shall he say, I have violated the ear of modesty in my writings, I have ridiculed the ordinances of our holy religion, I have blasphemed——

Here some of the Jury got up, and Lord Kenyon desired Mr. Garrow to stop, for that more was evidently unnecessary.

He then said, " that it was their duty to consider " whether the author of such works as they had " heard read, and described, had a right to call for " damages.

" With what face," continued his Lordship, " can " this fellow find fault with the publication of the " Defendant, when it appears that the passage here " libelled attaches to him merely as Anthony Pas- " quin, a name which he has prefixed to writings of " the most infamous nature. It appears to me, that " the author of the Baviad has acted a very meri- " torious part in exposing this man; and I do most " earnestly wish and hope that some method will ere " long be fallen upon, to prevent all such unprincipled " and mercenary wretches from going about un-

" bridled in society, to the great annoyance and " disquietude of the public."

The Jury, without a moment's hesitation, non-suited the Plaintiff.

*** The other actions, FORTY IN NUMBER, were all determined by this one.

FINIS.

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